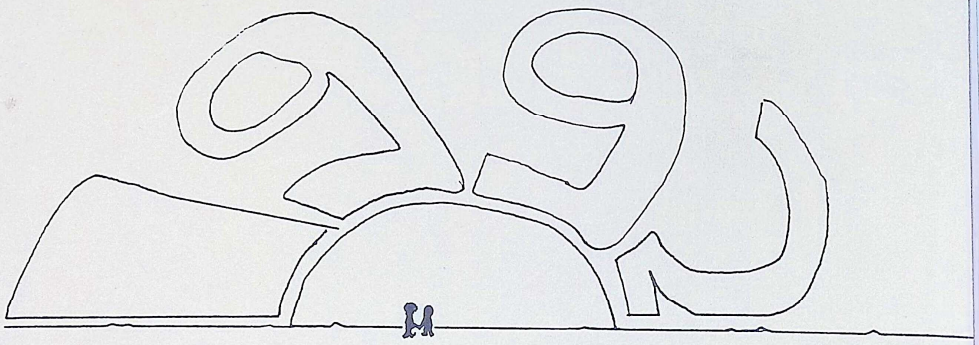
NORTH Scott jr. HIGH



OUR POINT OF VIEW
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Jonathan Klarson '92

Our Point of View contains poems, essays, and stories which have been chosen by students and teachers from the many writings produced in Language Arts. These writings have been through prewriting, writing, revising, editing and proofreading and are ready for sharing with you, our valued readers.

We invite you to relax, to read, to enjoy

Our Point of View.

Encountering A Beginning

In the boldness of the wind's howling,
In the coldness of the crisp air's growling,
In the shadows outside stood trees,
Bare,
Stripped of their dignity
Without summer's care;
Silent and still sat the cat
By the window one night,
As if waiting for the first snow
In dawns early light,
The rain on the window falls
pitter
patter
As the cat ponders;
To make winter's coves, water becomes crystal,
Snow breaks through the night
To brighten our day,
Giving us remembrance of nature's beauty
'till winter's at bay.

by Angela Wakefield

BETTE GRAHAM

When the name Bette is said, who do you think of-- the Betty Crocker homemaker type, or Bette Graham the inventor?

Just recently my Language Arts class finished a project. We were to find information on a certain person. My person was Bette Graham.

I looked through numerous encyclopedias and books of inventors. None of the books I looked through had any information on Bette Graham.

Finally, I found a small article "Women Inventors of the 1900's", in Good Housekeeping, February, 1990.

Betty Graham was a secretary who made a lot of typing errors. She invented liquid paper to paint over her mistakes. That was all I could find on Bette Graham.

This is just one example of the lack of information available on women in our history.

I don't think this is fair for a number of reasons. First of all, I think more pages in history books should be devoted to women to provide positive role models for girls and to reassure them that they are capable of great accomplishments as men.

Secondly, it seems to me that more women should be encouraged to study areas of discipline not traditionally associated with women; such as medicine, science, engineering, mathematics,and most importantly, history.

If girls were aware of some earlier women's accomplishments it would encourage them to go for what they want and prove to them that it is possible.

Just look again at Bette Graham. She was a secretary about to lose her job because her number of typing errors. She saved herself with a formula called liquid paper, otherwise known as White Out. Thousands of companies today purchase large quantities of White Out to correct errors as did Bette Graham.

With this contribution, I think she should be written into history.

by Katie Rashid

MY MOM

My mom is fun, funny, neat, and nice. She does things most women would never dream of doing.

My mom's name is Linda Schroeder. She was born in Bloomington , Illinois. She lived with her mother, father and two sisters. My mom is 40 years old. She enjoys fishing with the family, walking, ice skating, swimming and she enjoys the outdoors.

My mom's favorite hobby is fishing. She loves to fish and likes to be out on the water in a boat or in a raft. Many women would never try fishing or swimming in a dirty lake because of the slimy worms or the clammy feeling of the fish's skin, but my mom is not bothered by that kind of stuff. She just enjoys catching the fish and letting them go or keeping them to eat. Some people think it is gross to clean a fish. But then again, my mom does not mind taking a sharp knife and chopping the fish's head off, cutting open its belly, and taking her thumb to rip the guts out of the fish, and popping the blood vein by its spinal cord.

Like I said, most women would't want to do something like that. That's one of the reasons why I like her so much.

Now I told you just a small part of what my mom is like now I will tell you why she should be written into history. First, I will start by saying not only should my mom be written into history, but every woman in this world who has had a baby and has or is going to raise it. If we had to do it we would definitely want to be in the history books.

Besides giving birth to two wonderful children (my sister and I), she has a full-time job working nine to ten hours a day. Then after she gets off work, she makes supper, cleans the house, and sometimes has to go watch me play a football, basketball, or a baseball game. Now any person that does that every day should definitely be written into history. Then on top of all that, she has to make room for things that have to be done for herself. OH! And you can't forget she goes grocery shopping.

Then after the week is over and instead of sleeping in on a Saturday morning, we get her up to go fishing.

Now as I have said before, any woman that has done that should at least deserve to be mentioned in history or in a paper, or if people were really nice,in a book thanking them for everything they do for us. If it weren't for them we would not be here, you know.

by Michael Schroeder

MY GREAT GRANDMA

I chose to do my report on my grandma Nellie, but we called her Great Grandma Bert, her husband's first name. I hear a lot of stories about her and the ranch she lived on with my grandpa. He tells about the adventures and how she helped the community around her.

She was one of nine children. In the early 1900's she left home to help her young husband make his home in the West. They took the train as close as they could get to Alzada, Montana and discovered that the ranch was forty miles from the nearest anything- railroad, doctor. or church.

Two months after she arrived, her husband's mother passed away and was buried in a plain pine box with no song, no prayer, just nothing. Right then my grandma decided that she wouldn't let that happen again. She would do something about it. Within a month she began conducting services at the schoolhouse, that was all they had for a kind of funeral.

Grandma Bert had a life certificate for teaching school. One afternoon a man came to the school and said he was one of the scouts that had served in General Custer's last charge. He asked if she would have a service for his mother. She asked him, when? He said, "She's out in the wagon now". She told the children what she must do and went with the scout to conduct the service.

The children had never heard of Sunday school. Grandma said the people of Alzada hadn't been churchgoers. One night at a barn dance they talked about it, and the next day they started a Sunday school service. When the classes got too big they moved from the schoolhouse to the dance hall. They needed a church to conduct the services.

When grandma went home to Fulton, Michigan on a visit, she went to a Methodist ministers' meeting and asked for money from the missionary fund. She got $250.00 to build a church. She went back to Alzada and added to the fund. They had dinners, dances, and other fund raisers.

They were finally given a lot to put the church on. They brought a minister 250 miles by train and stage coach from Bozeman, Montana to dedicate the church. My grandpa was the first child to be baptized in it.

Grandma Bert conducted funeral services and had many adventures. Two boys traveling home by buckboard saw another boy walking and told him to come ride. As he came to the buckboard , the two took off and left him. The boy walking took out a gun and shot and killed one of the boys. Then he ran off and hid. The posse looked for him all night. When he was found, he came out shooting and was shot himself.

It was hot and dry, and the ground was hard, but they had two funerals to conduct. They had one in the afternoon and one toward sunset, when the second grave was ready. On the way to the cemetery, a woman stopped my grandma and said, "Oliver is drinking hard. If you don't have as good a funeral for his boy

cont. -

as the one you had for the first boy, there'll be another funeral TODAY!"

Oliver stood at the foot of the grave with his gun. The girl who sang for Grandma Bert was singing her best. My grandma wasn't shot.

When the Depression came to Alzada, Grandma Bert and the family lost the ranch and fifty head of cattle. The cattle froze when the train derailed. They packed up and went to Fulton, Michigan.

When asked if she was a minister, she said, "No, just an old-fashioned Christian". She always loved giving to special people. In 1986 she died at the age of 98.

Even though I didn't know her well, I can see through her accomplishments that she was a caring and giving person who will always be special in my eyes and in the eyes of others who knew her.

by Kyle Thomas

Michael Jordan flies so high.
He flies so high he can touch the sky.
But when he lands no one knows
How high he flies or where he goes.
I wonder what makes Michael loose
And then you just say
"It gotta be da shoes.

by Ryan Regan

IRISH MOTHER OF THE YEAR

I would like to nominate my great aunt, Dorothy Auliff, for Irish Mother of the Year. She was born on August 10, 1920. She graduated from high school where she received teacher training in 1938. Then she taught school for four years. She married Les Auliff, an Irishman, on May 30, 1942.

Dorothy is a very good mom. She raised her five children in a Christian home. She was loving, kind, generous, and patient with her children. Her family always ate meals together and they said a blessing before meals.

Dorothy didn't work outside the home and therefore was very supportive of her children and their activities. Dorothy had special funerals for her children's favorite pets and planned many fun camping trips for her family. All five of Dorothy's children graduated from high school and attended college. Three of them graduated from college.

Dorothy helped with the family farming operation and many church activities, but always made time to be a good mom. That's why I think Dorothy should be Irish Mother of the Year.

by Brent Hemphill

Summer

I'm glad when summer comes around
because all day you can play around.
You can do what you like
and go out and fly a kite.
With all the peaceful days
through the sun's rays,
the best time of the year
is when it's hot and the sky's clear;
Summer.

by Dan Westerhof

IRISH MOTHER OF THE YEAR

I would like to nominate my grandmother Natilie Regan, for Irish Mother of the Year because of the many things she has done in her lifetime as an Irish mother.

Natilie McDonnell was born on a farm in Iowa. Natilie McDonnell first married Marion Hesse in 1947. They lived on a farm in Calamus and had six children. When the littlest one was a baby, Marion was gored in the head by a bull. Doctors found out he had a brain tumor. He died leaving Natilie with six children.

In 1965, she married my grandfather, John Regan, who already had six children. They had to raise enormous gardens, have semi-trucks loaded with canned goods delivered to their house to feed their large family. Life was not always easy, but everybody helped each other.

Her grandson, Johnny Gosch, was kidnapped in 1982 never to be found. Though times have been rough, her Irish eyes keep shining. This is why I think she should be voted Irish Mother of the Year.

by Ryan Regan

RED . . .

Red stands for tears of the one who is unloved.
Red is for the tears of the one who is lost and lonely.
Red is for the tears of the one who is searching for a soul.
Red is for the tears of the one who has no home.
Red is for the tears of the one who cannot eat.
Red is for the tears of the homeless.

by Rebecca Proffitt

AND THEN THERE WAS ARNOLD!

Carrie and Tad Waterman didn't have much luck with having children. They got married when they were 15, and Carrie was pregnant by the time she was 16. What they were soon to find out was that Carrie's body wasn't ready to carry a baby.

She was pregnant for seven months when Tad noticed that his wife's stomach wasn't getting any bigger, and the baby inside wasn't kicking anymore when he put his hand on Carrie's stomach. They decided to go to the doctor when Carrie stopped getting hungry all the time.

"What's wrong with the baby, Doctor?" Tad asked after the doctor checked Carrie. "Why isn't it growing or moving anymore?"

The doctor felt a tear start to build up inside of his eye. It burst out and rolled down the side of his cheek, he knew several more were going to follow. "I'm sorry, Tad," he wept, "but the baby died a month and a half ago." The doctor turned around quickly and the tears began to flow out in rivers.

Tad couldn't say anything, he couldn't move. He felt the pain and anger build up inside of him. He turned and ran down the hall and out of the hospital.

He didn't come back for three weeks. He was gone the whole time Carrie gave birth to their dead daughter and had a heart attack after she saw the lifeless newborn baby when it came out.

He came back a week after Carrie had recovered from her heart attack. "I'm sorry," he cried when he saw her, "I promise I will never leave you like that again."

Carrie didn't say anything, she just lay there in bed and wept as Tad left the room and the nurse came in to check her blood pressure.

Carrie was twenty-two when she got pregnant a second time. The doctor told her and Tad that there was no way the baby could die that time.

He was wrong.

They were at a party when a man got really drunk. He decided he was going to mess around with a police revolver he stole from a police car in front of one of the houses down the street.

His thumb pushed the hammer down without him noticing it. He dropped his beer and when he tried to catch it his finger connnected with the trigger of the gun.

The bullet screamed through the air and tore its way through Carrie's stomach. She survived, but the four month old, unborn baby was shot in the head.

Sean Waterman was born two years later. He was a nice little, healthy boy. He was the only one out of all three of the babies who survived long enough to get out of his mother and into the real world.

cont. -

Tad was at work when the snow started to fall on the ground. Sean ran out of baby food and Carrie had to go to the store to get some. She knew she couldn't leave him home alone and that he needed food, so she decided to take him with her to the store.

Tad had the car so Carrie had to walk in the snow. The store was eight blocks away from their house and Sean's hat was in the back seat of the car. She took him anyway.

Sean Waterman died of pneumonia a week and a half later, but that didn't stop Carrie from wanting a child.

Sarah Waterman was born a year after Sean died. She was hit by a train at the age of five. The train chopped her legs off, and she bled to death on the way to the hospital.

Michael and Michelle Waterman died at birth when Carrie was 31. They would have been twins, but they never survived long enough to live their lives.

The next baby died four weeks after Carrie knew she was pregnant with it. The doctor said there was something wrong with her that one of the twins also had just before they died, but the problem would go away in just a few years.

And then there was Arnold.

Carrie came home and told Tad she was pregnant again. Tad knew he wouldn't be able to stand the pain of having the baby die again. Three months before Arnold was born he shot himself in the head. He couldn't live his dreadful life anymore.

Arnold Waterman was born on July 4, 1986. He was a bright and healthy baby. There was nothing wrong with him at all.

He is now forty-six years old. He lives with his wife, Georgia, in San Francisco, California. He lived through a long and lonely childhood with his Grandmother in Los Angeles. She died when he was seventeen, that was when he went to live with Georgia Spruce who is now Georgia Waterman.

Arnold was the seventh child out of six. He was the only one who survived.

Tad and Carrie Waterman finally had a child who lived, but Tad committed suicide and Carrie died when she was giving birth to Arnold.

by Robert Springsteen

IRISH MOTHER OF THE YEAR

My mom wasn't born in Ireland nor is she of Irish decent, but I think she deserves to be Irish mother of the year. You could say I have had the "luck of the Irish" because I have a mom like mine. Mom has brought me Irish luck because she has taught me to be the person I am.

Mom has many great characteristics as a mother. She is kind, loving, and caring and always has time for me. She is positive about what I do and is there to offer support.

Mom demands a lot from me too. She expects good grades, wants me to be neat, clean, polite, thoughtful, respectful, kind, and to have good manners. She also wants me to be happy and laugh a lot. I have been taught not to brag, cheat, or hurt someone without reason. I believe in God and have been taught the importance of good morals.

Mom is fun to tease and is great about letting me have friends over. She keeps a clean house and cooks healthy meals. I couldn't ask for a better mom. Even the Irish would be green with envy.

by Jed Schneckloth

This weekend,Saturday, February 29, the Iowa High School Boys' State Swimming and Diving competition will be held at the University of Iowa Field House in Iowa City. The top 24 high school swimmers in each event will compete against each other here. High schools across Iowa have already competed in a District Swim Meet the weekend before. From there, the top 24 swimmers in each event were selected and notified.

The district meet for my area's conference, which is the Mississippi Valley Conference, held theirs at Muscatine High School in Muscatine.

Our high school. which I will be going to next school year, North Scott High School, doesn't have a pool of our own, but we have three great swimmers that go to our high school. They are Mike Griggs, Kirk Moeller, and Andi Sharp. Pleasant Valley High School, which has just built a pool about four years ago, made a deal with North Scott to let swimmers who have swum in the U.S.S.(United States Swimming), or age group swimming for a year can be part of their swim team.

Mike Griggs, who is a senior this year, made it to State last year and got second in the 50 yd. freestyle. Kirk Moeller, who also made it to State last year, did very well in the same event. Andi Sharp, who is on the Girls' Swim Team, made it to State in the 100 Butterfly and was seeded 12th.

I will be on this team if it is still in effect when I'm a freshman. Some people have objected to have the North Scott swimmers on Pleasant Valley's relay team. They think this should be saved for their swimmers. There has been a petition going around to keep North Scott Swimmers on the team. Many people have signed it. All the North Scott swimmers or future high school swimmers, like myself, can hope that it is accepted.

by Erica Sharp

Picking something to write about is such a hard decision to make. I could write about anything from the outstanding, unforgettable, wacky, musical prodigy Mozart, to the breaking up of the Soviet Union. Anything! It's hard to choose one subject.

Since there are so many, I choose none. No particular subject, I guess which makes it harder. I don't know. I know what I won't write about is the weather or last night's basketball scores. Or that no one will leave me alone to write this.

Oh, where was I? Okay. I won't write about the weather or last night's basketball scores. How dull!

I need something interesting. Something teens want to read. Sex? I don't think so. How about, I know, how about a recap of Beverly Hills 90210? Okay, that sounds stupid, I still like the idea.

I don,t know what to write. What do you want to read?

by Cathy Chereck

I Wish He Were Here

I wish he were here so
I could feel his gentle touch . . .
I wish he were here so I could
feel his warmth . . .
I wish he were here so I could
hear his soft voice . . .
I wish he were here but he's in
God's hands now.

by Becky Proffitt

The Great Outdoors
The great outdoors is a great place indeed.
The birds, the animals, and the fish in the little clear lake.

I got a place in mind that is part of the outdoors, but the place was at one time a place of litter and a place of smell.

Dead fish lay dead in the lake and on the shore. People neglected this place totally. Its name is Izaak's, named in honor of the great outdoorsman, Izaak Walton.

Izaak's is located in the bottoms of a place called Princeton. Princeton is a small town in Iowa. The town has a heart bigger than itself, you might say. Since Izaak's Lake is larger than Princeton, this place is lucky to have people like the people of Princeton who took the time to clean up Izaaks.
The people of Princeton, Iowa, cared so much that now Izaaks goes under a new formal name, The Princeton Wildlife Reserve. It would make Izaak Walton himself proud.

by Mike Smith

Fairy Tale Land

There is such a place where animals talk.
And from three tiny seeds grows a tall beanstalk.
There is such a place where dreams come true.
Just like the girl with a small glass shoe.
A land where straw turns into gold -
Where people in shoes do not grow old.
A sleeping beauty sleeps for years.
Sight is restored by a maiden's tears.
An ugly duckling transforms into a graceful swan -
Eve spells break at the touch of dawn.
A beautiful princess lives with seven small men.
Rewarded a heart, for a man made of tin.

To reach this land where day dreams grow -

You must look somewhere

beyond the rainbow.

by Stephanie Paget

Values

If I came face to face with death and did not die, I would value a lot of things that I do not value now. I would value life itself, inhaling and exhaling. Living is taken for granted more than anything else until you are confronted with death.

Living is taken for granted because people are expected to get up, perform their daily functions and go to bed. The same cycle, day in and day out. But what if someone in your family does not get up ever again? That is when you start to appreciate that family member; now, it is too late. They are gone forever. If we value and demonstrate our heart felt emotions when the people we love are alive, death will be that much easier.

If you are the person that does not wake up-, life no longer exists for you. All of the things you wanted to do can not be accomplished. One must value living and life itself. No one said life was easy, but death is much more difficult.

by Zack McCoy

Earth

I peered out of the small window in my room and looked out over the vast, desolate landscape. I tried to picture trees and flowers. I pretended to be watching a fawn and a rabbit play in the soft, green grass.

Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by the loud bell. It echoed through my head and reminded me of the teaching master. It is what I have hated most about learning since I was very young and we moved to this strange planet.

Earth had been completely destroyed by pollution and ozone depletion. We were forced to find a new home and the only place to look was beyond our solar system. For a while we lived in temporary space stations searching for a hospitable planet, where we could build our new houses.

Many people had been killed by the destruction on Earth and even more were lost in the depths of space due to malfunctions or collisions with asteroids.

My family was lucky enough to have stayed together, but now we all live here with strangers and don't see each other often.

We've come to know some people but the only boys my age are on another module far away.

The bell rang again, even louder, and I remembered how upset the master had gotten the last time I was late.

I ran to the door, pushed the buttons, and as it opened I ran out. The hall was empty so I hurried down it to the dreaded Instruction Room. The door opened for me because it was waiting.

I lowered my head and walked in. As I quickly sat in the throne - like chair, I was automatically clamped in and the helmet was lowered onto my head.

The control board began blinking and I closed my eyes; the generator came on and I shuddered. My muscles tensed, anticipating the blast of electricity.

(cont.-)

It came and then went.

A few hours later I felt the power leave my head and I opened my eyes. The clamps came off so I got up.

The lights were off, but I could see. I staggered to the door and opened it.

An elderly couple passed me in the passage so I said, "Hello!"

They nodded and slowly walked on. Adults usually weren't in this part of the module. I figured that they must be visiting a grandson in the children's medical ward.

I typed in my I.D. code and the door of my room opened. I walked in and sat on the bed. The soft mattress felt comfortable after all the time in the hard chair.

I was just thinking about how lonely I was when I remembered the present that I hadn't opened yet. It was from my birthday the day before but my parents had said to wait until I thought it was a good time to open it.

I went and picked it up off of my trunk and sat back down on my bed.

I slowly began to take the wrapping off.

It was a book! I had only seen a few in my entire life.

It was entitled, Earth. I opened to the first page and as I looked at the pictures of Earth's wildlife, wonders, and spectacular sights I began to cry.

The book had no words, only beautiful illustrations that captured my heart and joined my memories of everyone's mother, Earth.

Then I turned to the window and stared into the dark abyss, almost hoping to see that welcoming, green and blue planet.

Finally I set the book down and close my eyes. I fell asleep, dreaming.

by Shawn Tubb

Is It My Color?

I came over to America in the year of 1619. I had to work for nothing. I am always hungry and my master is always beating on people like me.

Is it my color?

It is late at night and I am tired yet my master still wants me to work. Why do the white people hurt us Africans?

Is it my color?

Finally my master is letting me go to bed. My hut is so small and it has no bed or cover. It is cold outside and I am hungry. Why don't they feed us? I worked and worked, yet my master still beats me.

Is it my color?

It is morning now and today they are selling slaves. My master bought more slaves today and put them to work. Why?

There is a thing called the underground railroad. One of my friends tried to escape, but he got caught. When the master got him he whipped him almost to death. I cried, how could anyone be so cruel?

Is it my color?

The Civil War was partly about the north, who were against slavery, and the south, who thought that slavery was the right thing to do.

The north won the war but it still took awhile for us to become free. Today the world still is unfair and some parts are free. Why can't people accept us?

Is is our color?

by Laura Wiese

Grandma's Heart Transplant

January 17, 1991

The phone is ringing. I walk over and pick it up. It's my Aunt Jayne. She tells us that the doctors have found a heart for my grandma. You see, my grandma's heart is very bad. A few days ago they said that she only has a few weeks to live. I started to cry. But now she's going to be fine. A twenty-two year old woman died in a car accident today. Her family donated her heart and my grandma is getting it. We are so happy that we're jumping up and down for joy. Grandma is having her transplant January 18, 1991, 1:00 p.m.

Mom picked me up from school today. We went home, packed, and then left for Ohio.

At the hospital I was told that I could see grandma in a couple of minutes. As I walked into the Cardiac Intensive Care Unit I could smell the medicines. I saw my grandma lying on a bed and I start to cry. I can't help it. She looks so helpless. I can feel the wetness from my tears and I can taste the salt on my tongue. Grandma has tubes all over her. Her face is pinker than before. The look on her face is a look of pure joy. I am so happy that she will have a longer life. The nurse is coming. She tells me that I'm too young to go in and see her, so she picks up the phone. As I am handed the phone I can feel the coldness. I put it up to my ear. I see through the glass wall as grandma picks up her phone. As she talks, I cry. I want to hug her and tell her everything is fine, that she's going to get better, but I'm not sure I'd be telling the truth. The only way I find out is when she laughs. She hasn't laughed much since she got sick. Now I know everything's going to be all right.

January 18, 1992

It's been a year since grandma's transplant. It hasn't all been good. She's fought off several rejections, but she has the will to live. Not long ago she said, "I'm finally enjoying life again."

We don't know what the future holds for her, but we're with her all the way.

by Jessica Parrett

Missing

There was a girl and her name was Sara. This young girl was four years old.

It was about 5:30 on a July night. She had been playing outside with her friends. They were playing ball in the school yard. A green car had driven by about three times and was watching the young girls. After about five minutes of driving by, Sara noticed this green car parked across the street. Sara wasn't paying attention to the game; she was watching this green car. Her friends had thrown the ball to her, but she had not noticed it. The ball had rolled off behind the school. Sara ran off to get the ball.

When Sara got back behind the school, the man that had been in the green car, grabbed her and carried her off.

It was about five minutes later, and Sara's two friends went looking for her. After a while, they went home and told Sara's parents what was wrong.

Sara's parents contacted the police and they started to search for her.

After six months of searching for Sara, her parents gave up hope on finding her. They didn't think they would ever find their little girl.

It's been two years and she's still missing.

by Jennifer Cinadr

Black

Black comes out at night,
for you can't see anything in sight.
At night it can get so dark,
that you only hear the dogs bark.
The only time you can see at night,
is when you turn on the light.
When the moon comes out,
you better watch out.
If you can't see anything out back,
then you will know it's black.

by Dan Westerhof

Northern Memories

It's a warm spring day. A perfect day for the drive to our grandparent's new cabin. We have heard it's on the shore of a lake and is very pretty with woods all around it.

We finally are here now. I can't believe it. It's more than pretty, it's heaven. The air is so sweet you can taste it with the woods providing shade that refills your soul. The sounds of all the birds makes the perfect lullabye.

Now we go into the cabin. It smells of the finest oak and the scents of the kitchen. Since it's getting towards evening we're building a fire. As we sit by it my grandparents start telling us about their fond memories and what's going on in the family. The fire is warming us with a gentle warmth that penetrates your body and releases a slight scent that cleans your body out.

It's now time for bed and the crickets kindly sing their song and put us to sleep.

by Brian Mancl

My Friend

My Friend,
She's moving away,
At first I didn't know
What to say.
We've been best friends
all our lives.
I don't know what it
will be like,
to never see her face again.
She's moving away,
My friend

by Nicole Cronkleton

Sisters/Love

One moment in my life that I will never forget is when my sisters came from Seoul, South Korea. Mom and dad contacted an adoption agency called HOLT. This agency deals with foreign adoptions. Paper work was sent to us. We filled it all out and sent it back. Now it was time to wait. Finally, about six months later we were contacted. Off to the airport we went. All of the people there overwhelmed me. The smell of food made me hungry. Then the roar of a 727 fills the air. The air walk doors open, and passengers start to pour out. My cute little sister was going to be one of them. Ther she is, my sister. After my mom and dad held her awhile it became my turn. Her skin was so soft and smooth. Her hair was silky black.

My other siter Jade came a little differently. My mom went to Seattle, Washington to get her. My family left for Des Moines early one morning. We stopped at the airport so my mom could catch her flight. Her plane thundered off into the sky in a flash. Next the rest of my family went to Adventureland for the day. That was totally awesome. The lemonade shakes satisfied my aching thirst. Then it was back to the airport. My mom came off the plane with my new sister. Man, was she a cutie.

Now we have a very, loving, happy family.

by Jerod Engler

They Walk in Silence

They walk in silence,
They walk in pain.
They walk in heat,
They walk in rain.

The Cherokee people
Have many fears,
About their long journey
The redskin people call, "The Trail of Tears".

Though they fear,
They must go on
For the white men
Have made them walk till dawn.

White men push,
And white men shove.
All the Indians say is,
"This land is ours, it's what we love!"

They walk in silence,
They walk in pain.
They walk in defeat,
They walk in shame.

by Natalie Lung

"His Basement"

I was walking down to my grandpa's appliance store. He used to work in the basement of the appliance store. The store was an old building. The basement always had to smell of must and old wheel grease. The odor was not bad, but it is not exactly good. Everything I touched in the old unorganized basement was rough. It felt like everything in the basement was broken and in the process of being repaired. I remember the sound of the old basement elevator moving slowly and noisily up and down as he would get done fixing a refrigerator or washer. Everytime I walked into our work shed at home it reminds me of Grandpa's old repair basement.

by Tim Green

BASKETBALL

Basketball, basketball
Screams and yelling,
Coaches, players, referees, and fans,
Tempers flaring, technicals, ejections,
Fouls, free-throws, dribbles, and passes,
Slam dunks, lay-ups, jump shots, and blocks.
He runs, he shoots,
A high arching three pointer,
Swish...
We won!

by Brent Hemphill

"I Have A Dream"

Today as we are gathered here, students and teachers, friends, and enemies we wonder if this world could ever be a better place.

Do any of you dream, for a better nation or for all people to be treated the same? Do any of you remember that Golden Rule that says, "I will treat others as I want them to treat me?" Many of us do, but there are still those who forget the simplest and easiest sayings.

Well, I remember and I dream.

I dream that some day this country will see the wrong we are doing by mistreating others because they are different from us. I see no point when we all realize every single person is different, yet very special in their own way.

I dream that someday people will respect this country for its freedom and beauty. Not because famous people or friends say so but because they say so.

I dream that someday our community, our country and our world will come together to be friends, not enemies. (so we can work out our problems)

But as I dream these things, I realize it is almost impossible for all of them to come true.

So I dream once more that you, yourself, will work to become the best you can be. Not for family and friends or teachers but for you!

With that in mind I feel overwhelmed with pride.
Please, for yourself,
Be Your Best!

by Sara Kuhl

Is he . . .?

"Father, you knew I would be leaving the so called nest someday. Why not now?"

"Because you're too young! Why must you leave? You don't need anything, I have all the land and riches you could ever want. All of this will someday be yours. Are you so eager for me to die?"

"No, no! I just want to see a bit of the country - explore a little. I just want to do something that doesn't include your meddling," persuaded Scott as he paced about the King's chamber.

"Where will you go?" inquired King Samual. Already starting to give in to his son, he never could say no to him.

"I'm not sure, Father. If I told you, though, you'd send out half of the army behind me. I'd never be able to blend in with the common people and be able to travel freely with the blasted soldiers following my every move!" Scott paused, "Father, I hope you realize that I'm leaving with or without your blessing. I could care less aobut your permission, so if you're waiting for me to drop down on my knees and beg for your willingness, you'll have to wait until hell freezes over!"

"Scott! Where have you been learning such sayings?" scolded the woman who had just entered the room. She was a woman of importance for she was wearing a gown of the finest silk in a blue so vivid it made you think of warm summer days lazing about.

"I'm sorry, Mother, but when dealing with such pigheaded men, such as my father, I tend to forget my gentlemanly manners you so painstakingly taught me."

"Pigheaded! Humph! Sensible that's all!" mumbled Samual. "Do you know what your son wants to do now?"

"Why is he always my son when he does something you don't like? And yes, I do know and I agree. It's time he gets outside of the kingdom by himself," declared Victoria.

"I would too, if I knew where he was going!"

"Hurry along, Ottis. I want to go a little farther before setting up camp."

"Yes, Sir." replied Ottis, the only person Scott had brought along when he left the Kingdom.

"Sir, if you don't mind me asking, where are we going?"

"To the Kingdom of Hoaxx. I received a letter from a past schoolmate. He said his land was being threatened by a siege and that thousands of people would suffer."

"Why must we go there? Won't we be in danger ourselves?"

"Yes, but he'd do the same for me if I was in the same situation. I won't go back now. I intend to help him and his people."

cont. -

"Why didn't you tell your father? He would have helped you."

"No. I want to do this myself. I want to see for myself how bad it is. Then I'll consider employing my father's help. Are you staying, Ottis?"

"Yes, Sir."

The two traveled until dusk. While Ottis was cooking, Scott searched the surrounding area to see what lay ahead. He saw the remains of a small village just down the road. Such terrible destruction led Scott to believe he had reached his destination.

They broke camp when the first glimmer of dawn broke through the lingering night.

Scott and Ottis reached another billage by mid-morning, dressed as peasants looking for lodging.

They came to an inn where they reserved a room.

In the tavern below the rooms was a barmaid who had seen the two peasants come in. She had seen the sun flicker off the ring on one of the two. When she had gotten closer to the ring it reminded her of one she'd seen everyday of her past life.

"My brother's identity ring used to glimmer and shine as this one does," the girl thought to herself, "Who is he? Does he know Chad? Can or will he help him?" she sighed, "Am I only dreaming to myself again?" With a shake of a head she turned toward the nearby window.

"Chad is gone. He himself, can't be helped, but <u>they</u> can be!" as she looked out the window towards the fields, a small sparkle once again entered her eyes.

"I must meet him. But how can I, a supposed barmaid, ask if he is the friend Chad spoke of so many times. I can't reveal who I am, not yet." Thoughts and ideas whirled about her head. All being discarded.

"He could be one of them!" alarmed part of her mind.

"No, he can't be! I know he's not, but will he believe <u>me</u>, a reputed trollop, that I'm the sister of his respected <u>friend</u>?"

by Lisa Holdorf

Leia

We all drive there in the car one day. I am so excited, but I don't know where we're going. I do know the important thing, though. I know why we're going.

It's a Fridy. When I look out the open car window. I smell freshly cut grass, and see a man mowing his lawn. The front of his yard is so steep that he has a rope tied to the handle of his lawnmower and is pulling it up and down. I'll always remember that.

We pull up to an average looking house with a fenced in back yard. We walk to the back with my father in the lead. He knows his way because he was here yesterday.

The people are standing on a deck behind their house. I don't care aobut them, though, because all my attention is focused on something in their backyard.

Their yard has a large tree and around it is about a foot high fence. Inside it is about three little animals I have wanted all my life.

Puppies! Two females and one male. I reach in the pin at one of the tremendously cute and squirming little dogs crowding toward me. I choose my favorite one and pick her up.

She is the runt of the litter, but that doesn't bother me at all.

"I want this one!" I shout to my parents. My brother is holding the boy.

"That's good," they say to me, "because they sold the other two yesterday."

My parents discuss the price for the beautiful brown Lhaso Apso while I hold my pretty puppy and think about all the fun times we can have.

"Her name is Leia." My mother tells me.

"Leia . . ." I whisper to her. The wind starts and I remember. It smelled like spring.

by Janeen Davis

"The Marriage"

It's a very hot, sticky day today. The sun isn't out, but it sure feels as if it were. The clouds in the sky are hanging low, it looks like it could storm. I hope not; today is a very important day. It's August 16, 1991, and something special is going to happen real soon.

We are in a beautiful place, a park with gardens full of flowers. The air smells very sweet, like potpourri. There is a great, big, white gazebo. That's where we're all going to gather, together.

It's time! There is a hush of silence as we form a circle around the two of them.

There's a man in front of them who is telling them to repeat what he says. They do. Staring into one another's eyes they speak of their love for each other. They were once two, now they are one.

As you look around, you can see grins and tears among everyone. Still, the two of them are joined in hands and soon they will start a new life together. He is my brother and now she is my sister.

by Joanna Kluever

"A True Story"

One night, while I was babysitting two boys, I said something very stupid. One was about 7-years-old, the other four or five. We were sitting on the living room couch watching t.v. when a commercial break came. I looked over at them and said, "Y'know . . .my HEAD comes off." I don't know why I said it. Maybe it was just to see what kind of reaction I would get . . . I don't know.

So then the smart-alecky 7-year-old replied, "Oh, yeah? Take it off and prove it."

"I can't," I returned, "because I don't want to scare you little earthlings."

The kids didn't want to believe me . . . but they did. The little 4-year-old looked up at me and, using some child psychology said, "Umm . . . my head comes off too! Mine ZIPPERS off, how about you?"

This caught me completely off guard. After a minute of thinking I replied, "My neck is like an Anacin bottle; you have to line up the little arrows! That way little kids can't take it off while I'm sleeping in the middle of the night!"

I have no problems getting them to sleep at night now!

by Jonathan Herron

Jefferson's Motto

I would like to share a motto of Thomas Jeffersons with you, "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God."

Thomas Jefferson did not create this motto. It was found inscribed on a cannon in Jamaica. Some historians believe that Benjamin Franklin is thought to have used or even created this motto.

Thomas Jefferson stood behind his motto. He had wax seals in which he put on all his letters. It carried his initials as well as his motto, "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God."

This motto can very much be used in today's lifestyles. This pertains to Desert Storm and the racial problems in South Africa. I very much believe that this motto has a great significance now as it did in the past.

I think that it is very interesting that Thomas Jefferson's motto is so relevent to the world today. It is my belief that everyone should have a philosophy or motto to live by. Even if it isn't of your own creation.

by Kim Fish

PASS ME THE BALL

Pass me the ball
I can dribble, I can shoot
Pass me the ball
I'll pass it back
Pass me the ball
I'll put on some moves
Pass me the ball
I'll put it through the hoop.

by Neil Boston

I have the chicken pox. My grandfather, who I don't spend much time with, comes to watch me. We play games. He and I play a long game of Monopoly that takes up most of the time. We start to talk about nothing special, but I believe it is the first time we've ever really done that. It is fun to spend time with him.

In a few days I start to get my make-up homework. We begin to work and I can smell the chicken noodle soup being cooked for lunch. It tastes good.

It is hard to believe I'm almost ready to go back to school. I'm looking forward to it but I hope my grandfather will come again.

by Scott Oster

"Grandpa's Hat"

I am around eight years old and at my Grandparent's house. It is an old house with the smell of dinner in the kitchern. The floors are creaking as me and Grandpa walk into his bedroom. He is reaching into the closet and is pulling something out. The room is half-lit so I can't see what it is. He is handing it to me, I see that it is a hat, an army hat. It feels old and smells old too, but I like how it looks and I take it. I thank him very much.

I am proud to have received this hat. I am very proud of it and it means something to me and Grandpa. The hat was in the Korean War and I am proud to have a part of his past.

by Joe Shober

Touch - See - Hear - Smell - Taste

My mother tells me that my older sister, Sarah, has just given birth to my brand new nephew, Mikka Ray, and that we are going to the hospital to see them in 5 minutes. So I run down the stairs and I grab my pick to brush out my hair real quick. Then I run out to the car and buckle my seatbelt. My mom does the same and after taht she starts the car. While my mother is driving us to the hospital I think in my head that this ride is taking forever, but as my mom pulls into the parking lot, the ride didn't seem that long. I get out of the car, walk into the hospital, and I put on a surgical mask because I have strep throat and I don't want to give it to Mikka. As I put on the mask I smell a funny smell that I have never smelled before. It isn't a bad smell, but it isn't a very refreshing smell either. My mother and I walked into their room and I can hear Mikka starting to cry. Sarah tells me that I can hold him while she gets his bottle ready. I sit down in the rocking chair, which is quite comfortable and Sarah lays Mikka in my arms. He is the most gorgeous and precious thing I have ever held. I feel his soft skin, see his pretty blue eyes, smell the smell of the mask, and hear Mikka quiet down and make goo-goo noises. I will never in all my life forget this day because how could anyone forget holding someone as precious as Mikka?

by Shawna Kearney

That's What Friends Are For

Jeff and Brandon were best friends. They could always remember the day they met, the day they became blood brothers, the day Jeff's parents' divorce was final, and anything else that was important to them. They could never forget what happened on January 17, 1987.

It was the day Jeff's parents had finalized their divorce. Jeff was feeling lowsy. Even though his parents had been living separately for the past three months, the signing of the papers had dimished all hope of getting his parents back together. Brandon's parents had been divorced for two years. He had been through it all before. He said to his mother, who knew about Jeff's parents' divorce, "I know what I should do, I should cheer him up and get his mind off it."

When Brandon arrived at Jeff's house, Jeff's mom answered the door. After Brandon had asked her where Jeff was she said, "I don't think Jeff really feels like seeing anyone today."

"Aw, come on, Mrs. Stravinsky. I just want to cheer him up a little," replied Brandon.

"All right, he's upstairs," she said as she stepped out of the way so Brandon could come in.

By the way he shuttled up the stairs, Jeff could tell it was Brandon before he ever saw him. Jeff quickly dashed away the tears from his eyes and opened his door when he heard Brandon knock.

"Since when have you locked your door?" Brandon asked.

"Since I don't want anyone to come in!" Jeff snapped.

"You know what you need?" asked Brandon.

"Well, I suppose it doesn't make much difference because you'll probably tell me anyway," Jeff replied, getting annoyed.

Brandon wasn't at all surprised with Jeff's attitude. After all, this was the exact same way Brandon had acted when his parents got divorced two years ago. "You need to get your mind off this whole mess."

"What do you suggest?" Jeff asked.

"Ice skating. It's perfect. We'll see if Mike and Ryan can come and we'll have a good time."

"Okay!" Jeff agreed. "I'll call the guys!"

Two hours later . . .

"It's freezing out here!" Ryan said.

"You'll get hot after awhile," Mike said.

"Let's go!" Brandon shouted, as he pushed off onto the ice. Brandon turned around and skated backwards while he talked to the guys. All of a sudden, he reached out and tapped Ryan on the shoulder.

cont. -

"TAG, you're it!" he yelled and raced off. Ryan, no slouch, was on him in a flash as the others scattered and skated away from him, and so, the grueling game of tag began. The boys were so into the game that not one of them noticed that Jeff was nowhere to be seen. Finally, the guys began to tire and Ryan realized that Jeff was missing. "Where's Jeff?" he asked.

"I don't know," answered Brandon.

"Jeff, Jeff!" Mike yelled. No answer.

"Oh, my God, look over there!" Brandon pointed to the other side of the lake. The others followed his finger and saw a small black hole in the ice. They skated over as fast as they could.

"Oh no, he must have fallen through!" exclaimed Brandon. "Quick, go call 911 from the warming house!" he directed as Mike ran off. Brandon knelt down beside the hole and tried to see down to the bottom. It looked like a black hole.

"Get away from there!" Ryan warned him. "The ice could break any second!"

Brandon got up just in time to see Mike running as fast as his ice skates would let him. As soon as he hit the ice, he was flying.

"They're on their way," he informed them.

"Can you go out to the road and show the ambulance where we are?" Ryan asked.

"Sure," said Mike, already on his way.

As the ambulance arrived Brandon shouted as loud as he could, "OVER HERE!"

The ambulance carried paramedics and scuba-divers. The scuba divers let themselves into the water, feet first, switched on their lights, and disappeared under the murky water. They were under for two minutes. When they came up they carried Jeff's body with them. They pushed him onto the ice and the paramedics had him in the ambulance in a flash.

Two Days Later . . .

"Remarkable, absolutely remarkable," Doctor Donsbury said.

"What, what?" asked Mrs. Stravinsky, Jeff's mom.

"Your son has come out of his coma. It doesn't look like there's brain damamge," he informed his anxious audience which included Jeff's mom and dad, Mike, Brandon, Ryan, and Jeff's aunt and uncle.

"Thank God," said Jeff's mother, letting out a sigh of relief.

A week later, Brandon knocked on Jeff's door. Jeff answered it and let Brandon inside. They went up to his room.

"What are we going to do today?" asked Jeff.

"I have a great idea," replied Brandon.

"What?"

"We could go ice skating!" suggested Brandon.

"Not a chance!" said Jeff.

The End

by Dallas Amhof

The Scornful Feelings of Abuse

There was a shallow breeze making ripples in the glassy smooth water. I sat there watching Bill, my best and only friend, wash the blood off his face. This attack by his father had been a bad one. I wish I had done something to stop him from doing this to Bill. But all I could do was sit in the window and watch, and listen to the horrid screams of pain.

I walked over and helped him to his feet. I asked him how he felt, only one word touched his lips, "Okay."

He never talked much, but after a beating from his dad he talked even less. He had said that he loved his father and hated him at the same time. His father was always nice to me, but hit Bill whenever he felt like it.

I had always wanted to tell my parents the horror that they would see, if they just looked deep enough. I even tried to once but the words weren't there, like they never were.

And now we sat looking at the lake like we often did. Bill said he just liked sitting, but I knew he was waiting for his eyes to dry of tears and the swelling of his face to go down.

When we finally stood, I could see his knees wobble and his hands shake. He was nervous going home to see his blood on the floor and his mother with a bruised cheek. His father would come in and brag about how badly he had hurt him, tease him for crying, and slap him in the head sereaming in his face like a police siren in your head. I hated his house.

As we were walking Bill stopped and looked at his face in a puddle. There was a sudden impact as a car's tires hit the water hurling it up at our heads, soaking us from head to toe. As we looked up at the car we saw the kids in the back seat laughing, laughing so hard they couldn't breathe. I saw the remorse in Bill's face as he longed to laugh like the kids in the back seat.

We kept on walking. Bill stopped and ran across the street. I followed. He went into the pay phone booth and took off his locket that he wore around his neck. He never told me what was in the locket and now it was right in front of me. There was a number inside. He said three words, "Ive had enough." He picked up the phone and dialed the number. Then I heard a voice say, "Abuse Hotline".

The End

by Marc Melcher

"Home, But Not Alone"

On a Friday evening in October, Jake, who was four years old stayed home with his thirteen year old sister Anne. Their parents went to a concert from 6:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. They left at 5:30 p.m. and Jake and Anne started to play Nintendo. At 6:00, Jake heard a crash in the garbage.

Jake said, "Anne, what was that sound?"

"What sound?"

"The noise in the garage that sounded like a crash," said Jake.

Jake heard the sound again, and this time Anne heard it also. "Let me go check in the garage to see what it is," said Anne.

"It's a ghost, I know it is," said Jake.

"Just wait until I check the garage," said Anne.

"What if the ghost comes in the house, then I'll be afraid. I'm coming with you!" Jake cried.

Anne opened the door to the garage, turned on the light, and slowly walked in. She heard the rattle again, she looked and saw that it was coming from the window. It had been shaking because of the wind.

She went back into the house and locked the door. When Anne came inside, Jake said, "I'm glad it wasn't a ghost."

They went back to playing Nintendo, until the phone rang. Anne answered it, "Hello."

There was no answer, "Hello," Anne said again . But no one answered, so she hung up.

She went back to play Nintendo. Suddenly the phone rang again. This time Jake answered, "Hello," he said.

The voice on the phone said, "I am coming to get you."

Quickly he hung up and ran upstairs to his room. Anne yelled, "Jake what's wrong?"

"The ghost is coming to get me!" Jake shouted.

"What ghost?"

"The ghost on the phone," Jake said.

"Who was on the phone, and what did they say?" asked Anne.

"It sounded like a man, he said he was coming to get me," quivered Jake.

"Oh," said Anne, "Well, next time the phone rings, let me answer it, okay?"

"Okay."

They decided to turn off the Nintendo, and watch television. They watched "Popeye" for thirty minutes. Then they put in the tape Home Alone at 7:30, until they heard another noise in their parents' bedroom. Anne went to look, and at the same time, the phone rang. Anne ran to get the phone. "Hello," she said.

cont. -

"Hello," the voice said, "Is your mother there?"
"Who is this?" asked Anne.
"This is Mr. Bran, your neighbor," said the voice.
"She's not here right now, can I take a message?" asked Anne.
"No, just tell her I called," said Mr. Bran.
"Okay, bye," said Anne.
"Anne, come in mom and dad's room!" yelled Jake.
Anne ran in the room, "What is it?" Anne asked.
"Don't you remember the noise we heard in here?" asked Jake.
"Oh that, well I don't see anything, or hear anything so I guess it's okay. Let's rewind Home Alone back to where we left off," said Anne.

They rewound the tape and watched it over until Anne remembered that the sound she heard in her parents' room was the same noise as in the movie they were watching.

The phone rang again. "Hello," said Anne.
"Hi, this is your Uncle Ben, I've been trying to call you, but your line has been busy. I called before, when Jake answered. He hung up on me, so I wanted to call back," he said. "I'm coming to get the two of you one hour early since tomorrow you will be in my wedding. Jake hung up too fast before I could finish. Sorry for any misunderstanding, bye," said Uncle Ben.

Anne told Jake about what happened and put him to bed. When Anne's parents came home Anne told mom that Mr. Barn called and Anne went to bed.

by Christine Meyer

Creation's Cost

God created beautiful
He created, not killed
& we messed it up,
it must make him ill.

Man is making destruction
taking away life, for fun,
Little do they know,
Soon, there will be none.

by Jason Boedeker

Baseball

Spring is a season that comes to mind
when coats and sweaters are left behind.
The smell of the grass, the wind in your hair
trying to determine if it is foul or fair.
The crack of the bat, the smack of the glove
watch the ball fly to the heaven above.
All eyes to the sky as we watch it come down
hoping we'd catch it before it touches the ground.
Running the bases with all of their might
always trying to keep the ball in sight.
The pitcher winds up, the catcher gets ready
the man at the plate holds his bat steady.
The bat hits the ball, it starts over again
the men in the field wonder when it will end.
If you'd ask me I'd tell you I like all sports the same,
but when spring time is here, basball's my game.

by Ben Straley

Pets

People choose many kinds of animals for pets
Which gives lots of business to the vets.

Many choose dogs for their best friend
Hoping they'll be faithful till the end.

Small dogs stay inside, and big ones go out
They have to be tied up so they won't run about.

For some people cats are the pets that they choose
They tend to be quiet and stay around and snooze.

A ferret or a hamster can be lots of fun
They need to be caged up cause they really can run.

Sometimes a mouse, a rabbit, or a snake.
But I think the last one would be a mistake.

So what ever the species of which you tend
You'll find that a pet can be a true friend.

by Ben Straley

Wipper Snappers

The frightening moment in the 4th of July
Is not the bombs bursting in the sky
It isn't the fire crackers
It's those darn wipper snappers
Maybe it's 'cause I wore no shoes
Maybe 'cause whoever threw them had no clue
Those things hurt
When the spark goes right through your shirt
Bottle rockets sting but not the worst
'Cause the wipper snappers blow up with a burst.

by Neal Sawyer

MY FAVORITE PLAYERS

Michael Jordan flying through the air
is the most awesome thing, I swear.

Scottie Pippen slamming it down
makes me fall to the ground.

Tim Hardaway sinks it through the hole
that scene makes me lift my soul.

And Larry Johnson in the dunk contest
makes me go in cardiac arrest.

Chris Mullin hitting the trey
that's why he gets high pay.

Charles Barkley breaking the rim
makes me wipe sweat from my brim.

Dominique Wilkins doing a reverse
that's why his team is near first.

When David Robinson slams it home
I bet no one could do that in Rome.

When John Stockton swishes one in
I know the Jazz is going to win.

Cedric Cabollas with his blind folded dunk
makes me feel like I'm really drunk.

Shaquille O'Neal is such an animal
you would think he was a cannibal.

Patrick Ewing scoring in the middle
and how he does it is such a riddle.

When Dikembe Mutumbo is near
his opponents fill up with fear.

Derrik Coleman running up the court
he's the only one of his sort.

These are most of my favorite players
that's why I'm a fan of theirs.

But in my most reverant prayer
I too would like to be a basketball player.

by Chad Luett

Seasons

Fall, winter, spring, and summer are all the seasons of the year. There are many things that you can do during each season.

Fall is the season for leaves to turn beautiful colors and to fall off trees for people to rake up and then jump in.
Fall is the season in which cool breezes start to blow in preparation for winter.
Fall is also the season for children to get candy because of Halloween.

Winter is the season for kids to play in the wonderful white snow. They make snowmen, go ice skating, and sled down hills.
Winter is the season for cold temperatures and for drinking hot cocoa while sitting by the blazing fire.
Winter is the season for celebrating Christmas and a new year. In children's minds, the most important thing in the winter season is receiving presents from under the Christmas tree.

Spring is the season for warm weather and for millions of beautiful flowers to grow around the world.
Spring is the season to get dressed up for the celebration of Easter and to visit the Easter Bunny.
Spring is also the time, as many kids think, that can celebrate the end of the school year.

Summer, the best season, is when school is out and kids have all day to be outside in the hot sun to play.
Summer is the season for ice cream, swimming, and camping out in the wilderness.
Summer is also the season for celebrating our Independence Day on July 4.

The four seasons can easily be called fun because there are so many fun things to do in each season.

by Melany Moeller

WAR

War is the creation of two beings or two groups engaging in activities of death. War is the unfortunate creation of sinful human beings that lose control of their emotional stability and want to rule the world.

In this society war is the chosen way, to many people, to solve the world's problems. War could be the end of civilization as we know it.

War sometimes has a positive effect, like the Revolutionary War. It granted the Colonial States their freedom but . . . hundreds of people died.

Then their was the Civil War; that war was totally uncalled for. It scarred the face of the U.S. forever. This war was also the undoing of one of the greatest men in the world, Abraham Lincoln, and it also was the temporary demise of one of the most powerful countries on the face of this planet. The Civil War forced families to separate and in some battles people fought their own relatives for the cause of freedom for minorities. Even this war had a positive effect for it freed the Negro slaves.

Now the more recent wars are the Vietnam War and the Persian Gulf War, (better known as Desert Storm). Both of these wars were not needed because they weren't any of our business. We had no reason to be there. I can't comprhend why we had sent innocent lives to Vietnam and to the Persian Gulf when there was no major threat to the U.S.

That is how I feel about wars.

by Kent Hartwig

Mixed Feelings

Have you ever been hurt or really confused? Had mixed feelings and not know what to do or who to turn to for help? Many people have those feelings at some point in their life. Here is the situation.

There is this girl named Sam. At the beginning of junior high she started going out with this guy named Rick. They went out for about two months. It seemed like they were always together and they got along perfect. Then one day Rick had a friend tell Sam that he wanted to break up and he really didn't have what you could call a reason. Sam was extremely hurt and never really gave up on him. She thought she would never find a guy that she would like more than Rick.

About two months later she found out that she started liking this guy named Kent. She remembered liking him at the beginning of the year but never really thought about it much. He decided to break up with his girlfriend and go out with Sam. They started going out and Sam started liking him more than she ever really liked Rick. They went out for a little over a month.

Something happened and they dediced to break up for awhile. Kent started going out with a girl named Jamie. Even though he was going out with Jamie he kept telling Sam that he really liked her and they would be going out again soon. Sam kept waiting and waiting for him and finally he broke up with Jamie. The day that Kent and Jamie broke up Sam was extremely happy until she found out that Rick liked her again. She was so confused because she thought she liked Kent better, but then she wasn't sure. She had good times with both of them. Through pretty much of the whole weekend she didn't sleep and all she could do was cry. She kept thinking about both of them and it hurt her really bad inside because she liked them both so much.

Sam ended up saying yes to Rick. After Kent found out he seemed really hurt and Sam could tell. The last thing she wanted was for someone she cared about so much to be hurt.

Kent and Sam had some time alone together to talk and decided that they should be together. Sam told Kent her true feelings about him and he told her his true feelings. They promised each other that nothing would ever get in the way of them again. But of course, it happened. Rick and Jamie appeared in the picture again. Even though Sam and Kent promised each other that nobody would split them up, it happened. Sam and Rick got back together and Kent and Jamie got back together.

Sam still feels hurt about what happened but she realizes that she and Kent can only be friends for now. Her feelings for Kent will always hang on inside of her and she hopes that someday things will work out between them!

by Nikki Iossi

Black Magic

It was getting late, so the coach called the players off the field to tell them about the final cut for the team.

He just said the normal stuff - all of us were worthy of this team, but only a certain number could make the team. When he was done talking, he posted up the players who made it on a piece of paper. Bobby, who wanted to play short stop, waited until most of the players were done looking at the list. He walked up to it. The players were arranged in alphabetical order, so he would be near the top, Anderson . . . Bagwell . . there it is! Bobby Coll. At the bottom of the page it said that practices were Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. The first practice for the Rebels was on Monday.

After practice on Monday, Bobby felt pretty good. He started walking home, but the coach stopped him.

He said, "Bobby, you're probably the best short stop I've ever had. You field well and you can complete the double play. I've also noticed your hitting skills aren't that great. It looks to me like you strike out a lot, and you don't hit with much power. If you can't hit, you might have to be a bench warmer."

All night Bobby thought about what Coach Webel had said. On Tuesday, he found some baseballs and an old black bat that said Black Magic in small yellow letters.

In the park, he threw up some balls and blasted all of them out of the park. He had never had such success in batting before so he tried it left-handed. Again he hit all of them over the fence. He could even call his shot. Now he would surely make the starting team. Even if he didn't hit a home run, he could use his speed to make a base hit. He couldn't wait to show his coach at practice tomorrow that he could hit well.

At practice, Bobby use the 'Black Magic' bat again. The first pitch sailed into centerfield. Then he hit the rest of the pitches over the outfielder's heads.

Coach Webel called him over after practice. "I guess I was wrong about you Bobby. You can hit very well. I'm going to bat you fourth this year, in cleanup. I expect a lot of grand slams this year."

Coach Webel was right. Bobby was going to hit a lot of home runs this year. In his first game, he hit three home runs, one off the starting pitcher, two off the relievers. From one of those home runs, he hit a grand slam. He was walked the last time up.

cont. -

It was a forty game season, and Bobby pretty much followed that pattern every game, until pitchers caught on. He got a few base hits, and some walks. But his dynamite fielding was still his strong point. He had turned more double plays than anyone else in his league. He also had a high fielding percentage, and he didn't make many errors.

There was one game left. It decided who went to state. When Bobby was up, he panicked. His black bat was no where to be found! Someone must have stolen it or something. Maybe today they would find out how bad he really was.

He was tense the whole game. Even his fielding was slipping. He missed grounders, dropped a pop fly, and overthrew the ball on a double play. In the sixth, they were down by two, and Coach Webel finally replaced him. Bobby hung his head low. Never had he ever been so humiliated in a game of baseball.

But Bobby was not the only reason the Rebels had finished in first place. Just because he was doing badly didn't mean that everybody was. Bobby's team slowly headed towards the win.

Top of the ninth, and the Rebels took the field. The visitors were up. Coach Webel put Bobby in. He took the field nervously. Zach, the Rebel's pitcher, struck outone, and one grounded out. The next hit was a hotshot line drive right at Bobby. Bobby jumped and grabbed it. What a catch. In the dugout everybody congratulated him. "I hope I don't disappoint them when I'm batting," he thought. He was batting this inning.

The Rebels were down by only one, but it was the bottom of the order in the bottom of the ninth. The other team had their fastest pitcher on the mound. He could throw a very speedy fastball. Just as everyone thought, the first two batters struck out. But the lead off hitter got a single, followed by the next hitter. The Rebels were rallying now. Bobby sighed as he went up to bat third, not cleanup.

He saw the first two pitchers go by, but they were both called for strikes. Bobby called time out and stepped out of the batter's box.

Concentrate, he told himself, concentrate.

The pitcher didn't have much of a curve, and the ball was right down the middle. He followed the ball all the way to his bat until he made contact.

Crack! It was a hit over the left fielder's head. Ricky, the leadoff batter, rounded third and headed for home.

The throw would be close, but the call was clear. "Safe!!!" the umpire yelled.

Bobby had done it. He had gotten a clean hit off the best pitcher in the league, without the 'Black Magic'.

Now the Rebels were going to the state competition, with Bobby to thank.

by Ryan Unterbrunner

The Babysitting Job

One day was at home watching television when the phone rang. I picked it up and said, "Hello."

The woman on the other phone said, "Is Hailey Vaughn there?"

I said, "This is she."

She said, "Hi, I'm Mrs. Anderson. I was wondering if you would like to babysit this Friday night? I have two little boys. Matthew is five years old and Benjamin is four."

I said, "Yes, I would love to. What's your address and what time would you like me to come over?"

"My address is 334 Third Avenue. Six-thirty would be fine so I could show you around and tell you where everything is."

"Okay, goodbye."

"Goodbye," I said and I hung up.

The phone rang again. I picked it up and said, "Hello." There was no answer so I hung up. After that I went upstairs and did my homework and went to bed.

The next day I went to school and told my best friend Stevie that I was babysitting Friday night.

She said, "Cool, who are you babysitting for?"

I answered, "Mrs. Andersen, she has two boys Matthew and Benjamin."

Stevie had this scared look on her face when I told her. Then she said, "I heard that anyone who babysits there always has something bad happen to them."

I asked "Why?"

"I really don't know why but when my sister's friend babysat there she got strange threatening calls. They said if she stayed in the house something bad would happen to her. She just ignored the calls and then she answered the door and a tall man wearing a red mask - and before she knew what had happened she lost her arm."

I replied, "Yeah, right," and forgot about it.

After school on Friday I did my homework and watched television. At 6:30 I went to Mrs. Andersen's house. She greeted me at the door and seemed very nice. She looked young for being forty. She showed me where the boys' rooms were and when they could and couldn't play. Then she introduced me to the boys.

Matthew was tall for his age and very skinny. Although Benjamin was very short and had plump little cheeks, he looked a lot like Matthew.

After Mrs. Andersen left I played cars with the boys. Later we were coloring when the phone rang. I picked it up, "Hello."

I heard a raspy man's voice, "If you stay in this house, you will die." Then I heard a click, so I hung up. I went to the kitchen to make the boys their snack before bedtime.

cont. -

After I tucked the boys in bed, I was walking downstairs, when I heard the phone ring. I picked it up and said, "Hello."

I heard the same raspy voice that said, "Get out," then he hung up.

So I put the phone down and thought nothing ot it.

I went to watch television then the doorbell rang. When I opened the door I saw a tall man wearing a red mask. He pulled out a gun and pulled the trigger. I felt this pain in my chest and felt gooey stuff flowing out of my chest. Then I heard a buzzing noise. I opened my eyes and it was my alarm clock. I felt groggy and rolled over, dozing off.

Then the phone rang. I picked it up and hear the same raspy voice say, "Get out," and then I heard a click. Everything had been a dream, hadn't it?

by Kori Higgins

ABORTION

Abortion is the same as MURDER

I can't think of a better word

The killing of an unborn

When I think about it, it makes me mourn

A young child's life

Gone with the whisk of a knife

A child can go out and play

But not today

"Look at this beautiful world," someone said.

But the child can't because the child is dead.

by Marcia DeCock

Adventures of Edgar the Elf

Edgar the Elf, who is Edgar the Elf? He is the elf that can change into Santa Claus, Cupid, the Tooth Fairy, and many other mythical characters. This story is about the time when Edgar fills in for Cupid, because Cupid is love sick.

On February 14th Edgar was flying along and saw Bo, a lonely rabbit so he found a girl rabbit for him. What Edgar didn't know was that Bo already had a girlfriend. They were just in an argument. So Edgar shot Bo and Molly, the girl rabbit, with his love arrow. They fell in love at first sight!

It was all really great until that night at the Valentine's Day Dance. Gloria, Bo's girlfriend and Molly were there. After Gloria thought about it, she was ready to forgive Bo for whatever he did. When Gloria saw Molly and Bo together she ran to the nearest bathroom and started to cry. When her friends asked what was wrong she said, "Bo is with Molly and I'm his girlfriend!"

Her friends asked Bo why he was with Molly instead of Gloria.

He replied, "Oh no, I forgot all about Gloria!"

"Some boyfriend you are!" said Molly.

She had heard everything that went on. "Bo, if you forget about your girlfriends, I don't think I want to go with you. I'm breaking up GOODBYE!"

Edgar really messed up this time! He had to clean up this mess before midnight, but how? Edgar finally decided to use his friend arrow just to make sure Molly and Bo didn't get back together, so he did. That worked for awhile, but Bo and Molly wanted to make friends with every rabbit they met.

Edgar's next move was to hit Bo and Gloria with the love arrow which he did, and they were fine. On the other hand, Molly was still going crazy. Edgar was running low on time. It was already 11:30 and he had no idea what to do about Molly. Suddenly Edgar remembered that there was a lonely boy rabbit sitting outside the dance collecting money from the other rabbits so they could get into the dance. It was already 11:50. So Edgar had to work fast.

First he shot the boy in the hall with his love arrow and lured him into the gym. When the boy rabbit was in the gym Edgar aimed carefully and just as the hands on the clock turned to 12:00 the arrow hit Molly and the magical force of the arrows pulled them together. Then everyone, including Edgar, was happy.

The End

by Tina VanDeWiele

"The Worst Friday the 13th Ever!"

It all started the morning of Friday the thirteenth, 1996. I was getting out of bed and I tripped over all the junk on my floor. I missed the bus and no one was home to take me to school. I knew, then, that I was in big trouble with a capital T.

I called all the neighbors and just my luck, no one was home. So I did what I thought was right. I called the police and they came to my house and got me. They weren't happy with me and told me to try not to do that again. But they still took me to school.

First period went o.k., but second was a disaster! I lost a paper worth one hundred points that was due, and I missed seventeen words on a spelling test.

Third was just fine, if you call getting hit with a flying racket during table tennis, fine.

Fourth is art. It went smoothly so I thought my troubles were over. Guess again!

At lunch I couldn't find my lunch ticket so I had to borrow one from a friend. When I got my lunch tray and I was walking, I tripped over my feet and fell on the floor. I spilled my chile all over the floor. It took me all lunch to clean it up.

In study hall I got sent to the office because the teacher thought I was talking and it was the kid next to me. I tried to tell her, but she wouldn't listen.

In Math we were taking a test and I was sure I got a perfect paper. We had time to correct them in class so we did. I got nineteen out of fifty-four.

In seventh period we were disecting frogs. All went well until I tripped over my books on the floor and spilled the guts on the teacher. He made me stay after and clean it up.

When I got home my parents left me a note to pick up some milk. But before that I had to clean up the mess I made at breakfast.

When my parents finally got home and I was in my room, they came in and hit the roof when they saw my room!

After supper I had to do the dishes because my sister was gone. After that I spent the rest of the night cleaning my room.

That was the worst Friday the thirteenth ever!

by Natasha Brooks

Born to Play Soccer

It was May 21, 1979, at Mercy Hospital in Davenport, Iowa. Jose' Radrigas was born. He weighed 8 pounds, 7 ounces and was 21 1/2 inches long.

On television the World Cup Soccer Championship was being played. The United States was beating Britian eight points to seven points.

It could have been a coincidence that Jose' was born at the same time as the World Cup, but some people thought that Jose' was born to play soccer. Plus Jose's weight was 8 pounds, 7 ounces, and the score of the game was eight to seven.

When Jose was 6 months old he started playing with soccer balls, and at the age of one that was all he wanted to do was play with soccer balls. At the age of four he was playing Y.M.C.A. soccer and was the best player on the team. When he was nine he played on an eleven and twelve year old team and was usually on the starting team. He scored fifteen goals out of thirty-six games. He scored an average of 2.4 points a game.

On his tenth birthday he received a letter asking him to go to Des Moines, Iowa, to try out for the Iowa All-Star team. He immediately left that night to head for Des Moines. Early the next morning he went to the try out field and started warming up. To try out he went through a series of challenging, dribbling, passing, and shooting drills. When it was all over the instructor said that he would notify him soon to tell him if he made the team.

After five days of impatient waiting, the phone rang one afternoon. It was George, the man from the try outs telling Jose' that he had made it on the team as a starting forward.

This was the happiest news that Jose' had received in a long time. There was one problem though. Practices for the team were held every other day. His parents agreed to take him, but he would have to pay for the gas it took.

The All-Star team played thirty-two games against states around the United States. They only lost once and that was to Illinois. They still won the pool they were in with the other thirty-one states because Colorado beat Illinois. They advanced to the semifinals, where they defeated Maine four to three in which Jose' scored two goals. They advanced to the finals against Michigan, last year's champions.

In the first quarter Jose' scored two points but Michigan also scored two. At halftime the score was six to five, Michigan was ahead. In the first thirty seconds of the second half, Jose' scored to tie the score. After that neither team scored again and that meant it would go into a shootout. Jose' made the winning goal and they were the champions.

cont. -

Throughout the next six years Jose' played a lot of soccer and made the all-star team every year. When he was sixteen he even had his own soccer clinic so he could earn some money to pay for the equipment he needed.

On May 21, 1996, Jose's birthday, Jose's high school team was playing another high school team. Jose got to play goalie for the fourth quarter because his team was winning 8-0. A kid from the other team came dribbling up towards the goal, Jose' charged the kid and they collided.

The next thing Jose' knew was that he was in the Mercy Hospital Emergency Room getting his leg X-rayed because they thought that he broke it in the collision. Sure enough, his leg was broken and that meant he wasn't going to be playing soccer for awhile. They also found out that he had amnesia, and that meant he wouldn't know how to play soccer when his leg got better. It may have just been coincidence that Jose' was born during the World Cup, May 21, 1979. But was it coincidence that he got hurt on May 21, 1996? The World Cup was also taking place at the time he was injured.

by Eric Kalainoff

Chicago Field Trip

When we went to Chicago on Saturday, we had a good time. I saw a lot of things while I was up there. We got to go to McDonald's and a pizza place after we left the museums. While we were there, we saw a lot of interesting things. We went to the Science and industry museum. The Omnioux Theater was the most awesome thing I had ever seen in my life.

To get into the theater you walk up stairs until you get to the top and then you look up and there are words on the top of the theater. The ceiling is higher than the superdome or something. When the movie comes on, the movie is super loud, and it is all over the ceiling. Then we went to the Field Museum and that was no surprise because I had seen it before in sixth grade when we took a field trip to the Field Museum.

Then, after pizza, we went home. On the way home was awesome because it was really dark in the bus and you could do anything, and not get caught.

by Dan Bowser

The Kidnapping of Ellen Stone

It was Wednesday, March 11, 1992, at Northpark Mall, Davenport. Janie Stone and her three year old daughter Ellen were in Younkers. Janie Stone and her three year old daughter Ellen were in Younkers. Janie had an important dinner that she and her husband Mike had been invited to that night and she was frantically trying to find a suitable dress. She had Ellen with her because Ellen only had pre-school Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Finally, Janie had found the perfect dress. She told Ellen to sit on the chair outside the dressing room and not to move. Janie went inside the dressing room and started to change. Ellen disobediently got up to go look in the little girls' department. A six foot tall man went up to Ellen and told her he wanted to buy her an ice cream cone, and told her they wouldn't be gone long. Ellen was awfully hungry and ice cream did sound good. So she decided to go . The man took her hand and started to walk towards the door, and he told Ellen that the ice cream stand was right outside. Being only three, Ellen believed him.

They got outside, and they walked to a big, brown, beat-up Ford truck. Ellen asked the man where the ice cream was. The man started laughing and told Ellen that there was no ice cream. Ellen started crying and tried to run back to the store. He grabbed her and whe started screaming. He covered her mouth with his hand. He stuffed her into the truck as she screamed.

Meanwhile Janie finished trying on her dress. She walked out but didn't see Ellen. She started running through the store yelling Ellen's name. She ran outside and saw the truck. She tripped, fell and the truck got away. Soon the police arrived after having been called by a witness. Janie told them what happened.

The police started right away to find Ellen and the kidnapper. First thing they did was put a tape recorder on her phone. They said the kidnapper would probably call her and tell her he wanted money for Ellen.

Then they waited. Mike, her husband, and Janie were at home watching Wheel of Fortune and the phone rang. Janie got up, turned on the recorder, and slowly answered the phone. On the other end Janie heard a man's deep voice. He quickly told her what he wanted. He told her Ellen was alive and well and he wanted $10,000. He said that on March 20th he would take Ellen back to Northpark in front of VonMaur. He would swap Ellen for the bag of money. Then before Janie could say a word the kidnapper hung up.

cont. -

Janie immediately took the recording of their conversation to the police. The police made fake money and spray painted it green, they used a special paint, that when someone touches it, it disappears. They put it in a briefcase. They also appointed some undercover cops to be disquised as normal shoppers.

March 20th finally arrived. Janie was ready. She slowly walked to VonMaur, but she didn't see Ellen anywhere. The scary thing for Janie was she didn't know what the kidnapper looked like. She sat and waited.

Finally, a huge man sat next to her and said, "I think you have something for me." Then Janie asked him where Ellen was. He told her that didn't matter right now, he wanted the money and then he'd tell her where Ellen was.

"No!" Janie said. "I want Ellen, then you'll get the money."

The kidnapper grabbed the briefcase and started running. An undercover cop pulled out his gun and shot the kidnapper in the leg. The kidnapper fell and the cop handcuffed him, read him his rights, and asked him where Ellen was. The kidnapper told him Ellen was in the toy store. Janie ran as fast as she could and she saw Ellen. She hugged Ellen and told her she loved her and it would never happen again.

by Tara Livingston

In The Beginning

The date was July eleventh of 1861. Hannah, a fifteen year old girl, was hanging her laundry out to dry in the small town of Saylor's Creek. She was thinking about everything that was going on. About all the tension caused by the arguments between the Union and the Confederate States over slavery. She wondered what would become of her after all of this was over.

She had overheard her mother and one of her neighbors talking about how President Lincoln wanted to preserve and strengthen the American nation while at the same time bring an end to slavery. She wished he could do both.

After Hanna finished the laundry, she had to clean up the house and tend to the few animals that they had. And if she was through before her mother got home from the mill where she worked, Hannah would start on a quilt. She planned to make it out of old pieces of cloth that came from clothes that she and her family had out-grown.

Hannah's two brothers and father were among the many soldiers ready to defend the Union. There had not been a battle yet but she expected that there would be soon.

Hannah finished with the clothes and began to tidy up the house. Her mother would be home soon, which was good because she longed for someone to talk to.

Just as she was finished making a supper of beans and cornbread, Hannah's mother walked in. So they ate they talked about the same things that they always talked about these days: the war, slavery, Mr. Lincoln, and when their family would return. It all seemed so routine sounding, with nothing being accomplished.

After supper, Sarah, Hannah's mother, went to bed while Hannah cleaned the dishes and table. Then she lay down on her cot in the corner to think. She didn't even try to think, she knew she couldn't. She looked through the small window at the stars and knew that it was going to be a long night.

11 days later - July 22, 1861

Hannah sat working on her quilt. She had finished her chores early and was glad she had something to keep her occupied. Her mother came home sooner than usual looking sorrowful. She said that she had received word that the first battle of the war had been fought the night before in Manassas, Virginia. Of the many that were killed, her brother Jeff was one of them.

That night they ate in silence but both knew what was on the other's mind. Then they went to bed. Hannah didn't even bother clearing the table.

Before she lay down, Hannah knelt beside the cat and prayed that her father and other brother would return safely. She also prayed that all of the fighting would end soon, but deep in her heart she knew it would not. She knew that the biggest American war in history had just begun.

by Stephanie Labath

The Big Game

It was the championship game in Madison, Wisconsin. Our entire team had been looking forward to playing until now. We were all so nervous we could barely speak. The starting line up for the opposing team was being announced and our coach was talking to us even though nobody was really listening.

"And for the Kings' starting line up . . ." said the announcer.

Everyone was ready to go, especially the fans. Slowly the five starters got up and as our names were announced, ran onto the court.

"Okay guys, let's win this game!" yelled Mandy.

"Yeah!" the team screamed back. We all jogged to center court where the jump was to be held. Tara was our center. She was about 6' 1", which was pretty tall considering we were only in seventh grade.

"Beeeeeep," the whistle blew and the game was about to begin.

The jump went to the Hawks. We played good defense and Jessica, our point-guard and probably the best player on the team, stole the ball and went down to make a lay up. But the rest of the game, unfortunately, wasn't that easy. Neither team was ever way out in front. We would be up by two, then they would score. At half we were up 36 to 34.

Everyone was doing pretty well except Tara. She was the tallest girl out there and hadn't scored any. Everybody knew that it was Jessica who was keeping us in the game. She had twenty-two of the thirty-six points! Everyone knew that these weren't going to be easy third and fourth quarters.

"Buzz," the clock sounded, which meant that the third quarter was about to begin.

"Okay girls, keep up what you're doing, but I think we better change back to a zone because it was working better for us," said Coach Brown.

Then we started the third quarter. The following thing that happened was very discouraging. Jessica was on the floor. She had twisted her ankle going for a rebound. We had to put Tracy Smith in for her.

"Oh, great," I thought "our best player is injured with twelve minutes left to play."

I knew I'd have to play extra hard to do as good as Jessica had.

The third quarter showed how much we needed Jessica. They were making a lot of three-pointers from Tracy's side, which really hurt us. On offense we didn't do badly though. Tara had finally come through for us. She scored twelve points in the third. But going into the fourth, we were down 60-53. There was not way we could get Jessica back in. We told Tracy to watch the 3-point shots.

cont. -

In the last quarter we did make a comeback. There was one minute left and Coach Brown called a time out. We were down by two and we had the ball. He told us to work it in for a good shot and to waste time so we could have the last shot. Well, Tracy and I wasted fifty seconds and when I looked for someone to pass to it was almost impossible. There was only five seconds left so I took the shot. I missed but Tara got the rebound and made it just as the buzzer went off. We had won the game. After the crowd was gone I went to talk to Jessica.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

"Yeah, getting better," she said, as we walked away.

by Meghan Gagne

Public Restrooms Are Terrible When . . .

Public restrooms are terrible when . . .
Somebody forgot to flush.
Somebody popped their zit,
Leaving pus all over the mirror.

Public restrooms are terrible when . . .
There is only one toilet.
There is a long waiting line.

Public restrooms are terrible when . . .
They are out of towels.
The blow dryer is out of order.

Public restrooms are terrible when . . .
They are just outhouses.
They are those port-a-potties.

Public restrooms are terrible when . . .
They are really dirty.
Somebody missed the toilet.

Public restrooms are terrible.

by Andrew Stohm

The Shyest of All and You Took Her

My sisters, Karyn, Kia, Amy and I are on our way to see our father in Jackson, Mississippi. We haven't seen him in three years because my mom and he are divorced. Since you now know my family, I will tell you about the tragic lives we have lead.

I wasn't very happy to go see my father because I am 13 and I harely know him. I haven't even seen a picture of him.

"Miss?" asked the attendant.

"Yes," I said.

"Would you like some crackers?"

"No, thank you."

"Would you please get me some?" whispered Karyn, since she's too shy.

"Miss, could you please just give me one?" I asked?

"Certainly."

Now since that was all settled, I started worrying about going to see my father.

"Please fasten your seatbelt. We will be landing in Jackson Airport in about ten minutes. The time in Jackson is 9:30 a.m., and the temperature is 47°. Thank you for riding American Airlines," the captain said.

I was kind of happy but also sad because I actually didn't want to see my father. Just then Kia came down from the bar and sat down and buckled her seatbelt.

"Well, are you excited?" she asked.

"I don't know," I whispered.

"Why are you so quiet lately?" she said.

I ignored that remark and decided to look out the window.

(4 hours later)

We were in our dad's apartment, and we were really bored.

"Well, kids, do you want me to go pick out a movie?" asked my dad.

"Yes!" we all shouted.

"Then it's all settled. Karyn, do you want to come with me?"

"O.K.," whispered Karyn.

They got their coats and they were off. Kia and Amy deciced to turn on the T.V., so I decided to bake a cake. When it was ready, I put it in the oven for 20 minutes.

Be - e - e - e - ep! The cake was done. I took it out of the oven, when Kia came in and asked, "Kate, where's Dad? I just called the movie store to tell Dad what movie to get and he wasn't there. I'm worried. He had Karyn. I don't want him to hurt Karyn."

"Now don't worry. All we have to do is talk to Amy and ask her what to do."

cont. -

"Amy!" I yelled.

"What?"

"Do you know where Dad is? He's been gone for over a half hour. Kia and I are starting to get worried. What should we do?"

"Maybe they just got caught in traffic. We should just wait an hour or so, then we can get worried."

"O.K."

15 minutes . . . 30 minutes . . .45 minutes . . . 1 hour . . .

"Amy, now I am worried. It's been an hour and a half. I have no idea where they are," I said.

"Now the only thing we can . . ."

R - R - Ring. Amy was interrupted by the phone.

"Hello, Johnson's residence," I said.

"Hello," Dad said.

"Dad? Dad! Where are you?"

"I'm very sorry. I'm in a hotel. Karyn's all right. I'm not planning on coming home. I'm taking your mom back to court and I'm going to get custody of Karyn. I love you. Good-bye."

"Dad, don't go. Don't . . ." the phone went dead.

I yelled, "Amy."

"What?"

"That was Dad. He's not planning on coming home. He is trying to get custody of Karyn. What do we do?"

"Kia, go next door and call the police. Kate, call mom. Tell them everything. I will start looking for any addresses or phone numbers."

(5 hours later)

The police were all over Jackson. They said they had found my father's car, but he wasn't in there. There was an address though. The police went to that address and found my father and Karyn. We were all so happy.

(The following week in court.)

We were sitting in the audience section. My father was telling so many lies. Karyn was crying. I took her outside to calm her down. When we came back in twenty minutes later, the judge was saying,

"I find the defendant guilty of kidnapping. Your sentence is four years without parole."

A cheer came from everyone. The guard took my dad away. My mom rushed over to us and said, "Thank you, girls. I will never let you see him again."

The End

by Teresa McCann

Care From Two People I Didn't Know

Last November, when I got home from school, my mom called to make sure my brother and I were home and everything was o.k. I went to the neighbor's house to play, so my brother Jim was at home when my mom called again. She told him that my Grandma was in the intensive care unit at Mercy Hospital. She hadn't been feeling well for a few days. The doctor said she had a stroke at the base of her brain stem and was in a coma. She was not responding to treatment. Mom told Jim that Grandma was in critical condition.

Jim called me on the phone at the neighbor's house. He told me to get home right away, because Grandma was in the hospital. When my mom and dad got home we would be leaving to go see her.

I was really upset, I started to cry. I called my mom at work and talked to her. I couldn't stop crying. Mom came home right away. We were ready to go to the hospital as soon as my dad got home.

Dad came home a few minutes later. We hurried up to get to the hospital. All of the family was there. Mom and Dad left us in the waiting room, while they went back to see her. Mom wanted to see what condition Grandma was in so she could explain to me what Grandma would look like.

Mom explained all the I.V.'s and monitors that would be hooked up to Grandma, so we wouldn't be scared when we saw her.

Finally, we got to go into the intensive care unit. It was pretty frightening seeing all of the people hooked up to different kinds of machines. There were lights flashing and alarms going off all over. We went to Grandma's room. She looked pretty bad. All of the machines were flashing and making noise. She had a respirator hooked up to her, so she could breathe. There were all kinds of tubes and wires attached to her. I went and held her hand. Grandma was still in a coma. I asked her if she could squeeze my hand, if she could hear me. She did.

A few minutes later one of Grandma's nurses came in to check on her. Her name was Lori. She was in her twenties, and had this great big smile. She was very nice. She asked us if we had any questions we would like to ask her. She explained all of the monitors and machines to us, so we could understand what was heppening. I'll never forget all of the dumb questions we asked her, and she would answer them. She treated my grandma like she was her own grandma. She showed so much compassion. You could tell she loved her job. My grandma was in good hands with Lori.

cont. -

When Lori was off work, there was another nurse named Shelly. She too was in her early twenties. Shelly also took time to answer any qustions we had. We felt comfortable with her. She was just like family. We all felt relaxed when she was on duty.

Finally, Grandma was moved from the intensive care unit. It was good for her to be moved from there, but it ws like leaving good friends. It was hard to leave the excellent care she had been receiving in I.C.U. The care from Shelly and Lori will always be remembered by my family.

I guess I experienced a different kind of love shown by total strangers. I'll never forget what they did for my Grandma.

by Jennifer Shipley

Salmon Surprise

The engines went out.
The cabin pressure dropped.
The plane went into a sharp dive.
There was a shrill scream,
Cut off by a loud **CRASH!**
There was blood everywhere.
Guts were oozing out the windows.
A body was hanging out the door.
They called in the military cooks.
The cooks scooped it all up.
They cooked it and,
Served it for lunch as . . .
Salmon Surprise.

by Andrew Strohm

Nightmares

"Hi," said Jenny "you going to the football game tonight? Heard there was gonna be a fight." That was always happening though!

There are always fights in my school, but since Jenny loves fights I didn't want to make her feel bad so I said, "Yeah, it'll be great."

She smiled at me and said, "See you around 7:30 tonight."

I went home and told my mother what I did at school. "Mom, can I go to the football game tonight?"

"Honey, you know I don't like you out past 8:00 p.m. What time will it get over anyway?"

"Well, let's just say past 8:00 p.m." Even though she doesn't like me being out past dark I knew she would say yes. "Well, mom, can I go?"

"Well, did you get your homework done?"

"Almost, I have only three more math problems left."

She said I could go. So, I met Jenny on the way and we picked up a few of our friends. All of us sat together with a lot of other boys and girls.

"Any minute now there will be a fight coming on," said Jenny. Well, actually the football game was boring. There was no fight, and our team lost as always. It was just Jenny and me walking home. Her house came before mine did so that means I have to walk home alone in the dark when all the weirdos are out. "Well, bye Jenny."

"Bye, see you on Monday."

Oh, I don't know what I was thinking. There are no weirdos, I was just scaring myself. I had just three blocks to go and I would be home.

It was too quiet out. I felt a breeze come up behind me suddenly, then it stopped. I was very calm; no wind was blowing except for on my neck. I turned around but nothing would be there. I started to walk a little faster. "Boy, I should have stayed home with my mother," I was saying to myself. I could hear little whispers and very tiny foot steps. But no one was there. I was frightened. Then it was almost like the wind was whispering to me. I heard my name being called. Someone was calling for my name, then it died down again. It came again. It sounded like a dead, crackly voice saying, "H E L P M E S U Z I E, H E L P M E."

I started to run. Three blocks seemed to be getting further, and further away. It was almost like I was running backwards or my house was getting further away. I was freaked. "Y O U C A N ' T G E T A W A Y, S U Z I E." I didn't know whether I should scream, run, or cry. But, I couldn't run because it was just a waste. I wasn't going to get to my house.

cont.-

"Ahhhh, somebody help me," no one could hear me though. Where was I? This isn't my town. There are no houses around. Another puff of wind came up behind me, only this time it seemed more like a breath. I could feel the hair on my neck rise as I slowly turned around. This time I could see something, a man, an older man. He was lying down bleeding to death. I walked a little closer so I could catch a better glimpse. But, something was holding me back so I couldn't get closer.

I started running from what ever it was that was holding me back, but wherever I went it was there. My instinct was warning me not to go over there. I couldn't help it; I had to go. Suzie Locktevich never gives up on a great story. I got closer, and closer, and closer. When I got there he said, "I have been waiting for you." He took off his mask and underneath was a...a...a "BEEP, BEEP!" My alarm just went off. It was all a dream. No, it seemed so real. I went down to get breakfast but no one was home. "Hmmm, that's strange. They are always here when I get up in the mornings."

"S U Z I E, O H, S U Z I E."

"Ahhhhh,"

"I' L L B E A R O U N D, S U Z I E!"

by Krissi McNeely

Pool

Pool, Pool, It looks so cool.

You never know when you look like a fool.

You hit the ball with all your might,

It flew off the table and caused a fight.

Should I be thinking hard about quitting?

Maybe I could start up something like knitting.

by Christie Offchiss

Best Friends Forever

Hi. My name is Jennifer Hutchinson. My best friend's name is Carrie Carlston. We've known each other since third grade, ever since I moved to Bloomington.

"Carrie, what are you doing tonight after school?" I asked.

"Not much," Carrie responded.

"Want to go to the mall?"

"I guess," she said.

"Great! Talk to you after school."

"Bye," she said, as she walked down the hall."

I turned around to walk into the science room when I ran into the tallest guy in school, Scott Jacobs. All of my books scattered onto the floor.

"I'm sorry, Carrie," he said, as he picked up my books.

"That's okay, but my name's Jennifer," I said.

"Sorry, I always get you two mixed up." We continued talking while we walked into the science room. The more we talked, the more we became friends.

Science was boring, as usual. After class, Scott and I walked to history together.

"Scott," I said, as we walked through the halls, "want to come tot he mall with Carrie and me after school?"

"Sure," he said.

History was tougher that day. We had a big exam over the presidents, which I was hardly prepared for. Luckily, we had no assignments for the next day.

Scott walked with me to my locker after history. That was the last period and school was over.

Carrie was waiting at my locker. She was looking sick.

"Hi, Carrie. I hope you don't mind but I invited Scott to come with us."

"That's fine," she said in a weak voice.

"Are you feeling all right? You look like you're sick," I said.

"I'm fine. I just have a little stomach ache, that's all."

"Okay, are you sure?"

"Positive. Now let's go before we lose a good parking space."

We walked out to my car. As we got in, Carrie started to clutch her stomach.

"Carrie, are you sure you're all right?"

"I've told you twice, I'm fine."

I drove to the mall. To our surprise, it wasn't that busy.

"Let's go to Bloomington Boutique first. I saw this really neat pair of earrings there," Carrie suggested.

cont. -

That was Carrie's hobby, collecting earrings. She has almost every pair you could imagine.

We walked into this store and we were greeted by the cashier.

Carrie walked over to the earring rack. "Let's see. They were on this shelf." She searched the shelf. "They're gone. Someone must have bought them."

"Probably," I said.

"Darn, I really wanted . . ." Carrie fell to the ground. She lay there, clutching her stomach.

"We better get her to the hospital," I said in panic. Scott and I helped her to the car. I drove very fast to the hospital.

"Doctor Baylor, please report to room 203," a voice on the intercom said as we walked in.

I walked up to the front desk, "Hello," greeted the nurse.

"Hi. You've got to help me. My friend's been having these pains in her stomach. We were shopping, and she collapsed."

I walked up to the front desk.

"Hello," greeted the nurse.

"Hi. You've got to help me. My friend's been having these pains in her stomach. We were shopping, and she collapsed."

The nurse ran over to Carrie, "Where are the pains?"

"Right here," she said as she pointed to the spot.

"I'll get the doctor," the nurse said. She went down the hall and returned a couple of minutes later. They rook Carrie to a room. I called Carrie's parents while I waited.

The doctor came out about an hour later. "Mr. and Mrs. Carlston, your daughter has a liver disorder. She will need an operation."

"Is it dangerous?" asked Mr. Carlston.

"Yes, it is a very risky operation. But without it, she will die."

Mr. and Mrs. Carlston signed some papers and they started the operation. It took about five hours. By the time they were done, it was almost midnight. We were able to see Carrie for a few minutes.

"How are you feeling, Carrie?" I asked as I walked in.

"Horrible," she moaned. "I'll pull through."

"We've been through everything together."

"The trip, the accident, the . . ." she stopped and closed her eyes.

I ran out of the room and got the doctor. I walked back into the room crying.

"Jenny," Carrie whispered, "we'll be best friends forever." Again she closed her eyes. I knew she was gone.

I attended her funeral that week. I visit her grave on her birthday. She was right, we would be best friends forever.

by Jessica Schueler

Places

Places, Places
Where to go
Hong Kong,
Thailand
Russia
No

Places, Places
Where to go
Africa,
Belgium
England
No

I want to go,
But I don't know
The more I think
The more indecicive
I grow

by Shawn Higbee

How the West Was Won

The west was won or was it not
It seems that many, have forgot
From Sitting Bull to Crazy Horse
The white man hurt them without remorse
The white man was cruel, unusually so
They wanted the land and the Indians had to go.

They went to sign treaties but the white man broke them
The white man started the fires of hate
And the Indians had to stoke them.

The Indian had problems
Plenty of his own
Hunting and gathering were all he had known.

Then the white man came with his diseases and all
Willfully determined to exterminate them all
Disease and famine spread throughout
That and his weapons carried some clout.

The Indians were determined, undoubtedly so
But soon it was unsafe to walk to and fro
For women and children, squaws and papoose
The white man was a cougar, already set loose.

The Indians had friends, a few you might say
They offered them trinkets and whiskey and killed them that day
There were a few honest ones, willing to trade
They talked of the many visits the Indians had paid.

In either case, the question remains,

Was the west won
And what did we gain?

by Shawn Higbee

Guilty

No one ever knew. My sweet innocent smile fooled them all. They never suspected me.

It was humid that night. Sweat dripped down my forehead, sliding slowly over the curves of my face. My throat was in need of a tall glass of lemonade. I was going to the kitchen when I saw her there. She was just outside my kitchen window, humming while she picked tomatoes from her garden.

I laughed. If anyone had heard me they would have thought I was insane. My laugh turned into a loud, shrilling, delirious laugh. What was she doing? Who did she think she was? My laugh turned into a hideous gasping sound - I did not know why she angered me; but I knew she did.

I planned carefully that night, to be sure not to make any mistakes. I pulled the gloves over my hands and then picked up the hammer. I looked at the hammer, turning it over and over in my gloved hands. I must see her mind, I must know why she thought she could always be cheerful. Tonight I would find out.

Heading for the door, I remembered one vital thing, an alibi. I called my mother, telling her I was going to work late. Then I dialed up Greg, the security officer at my office, and told him to open up the building. He agreed, but sounded nervous. I wondered why he was nervous. Maybe I would have to find out. Not tonight, however. I must finish my business with Little Miss Cheerful.

Once again I made my way to the door. Just as my hand gripped the doorknob, the doorbell rang. I opened it cautiously, annoyed at these interruptions. Guess who it was? Her. It was her.

"Hi! I was wondering if I could borrow a cup of sugar. Of course, if it is any trouble, I can always go to the store. I just thought . . ."

She paused, looking at the hammer. "Oh," I replied, "Um, I'm going to start a project. I just wanted to protect my hands from the dirt. That's the reason for gloves, the gloves, you know."

"What are you doing?" she questioned.

"It's a, well, you'll see-soon. Now for the sugar," I answered her - pointing to the kitchen.

She headed for the kitchen, and kept looking back at me, nervously. A sly grin formed on my face. She's not so cheerful now.

"The top cupboard above the sink." I replied as she looked for the sugar.

"Yes, thank you." She got up on her tip toes, stretching to reach the cupboard. I raised the hammer; I was ready to strike . . .

My breathing got heavier. I stepped towards her . . .

cont. -

"Oh! I'm so sorry!" I exclaimed as she spun towards me, "I meant brown sugar! You must have thought I meant white sugar, because that's all you have. That's all right. Now you just sit down, I see you have got some herbal tea in here. Why don't you make us some and we can get to know each other." She started to make the tea, humming that same tune that was driving me insane.

She talked to me for an hour, smiling her stupid smile. My head was spinning, this unseen anger was burning inside me. I knew I must finish her off, the reason I did not know. It was a feeling, a deep feeling.

That night I planned again. This time no one would interrupt me. No one would get in my way.

I walked out the door, into the crisp night air. The stars shined with a brilliance no mortal could explain. Slowly I made the way to her house. I rang the doorbell . . . she opened the door . . .

At the trial, they said I had no motive. They said we were friends, that we drank tea together. Little did they know they were wrong. I was scot free, innocent.

Now it is time to strike again. I am planning carefully, getting everything perfect. They will never know. I will be guilty but proven innocent . . .

by Jacki Schmitt

FOOTBALL

CRASHING AND SMASHING

IS A TRUE SPORT BROKEN LEGS

BROKEN ARMS BROKEN FINGERS BROKEN ANKLES

A PAINFUL THING FOR ONE THING

FOOTBALL! A DEADLY

GAME!

by Nathan Wall

The Highlander

He peered around the tree. Standing before him was the mule deer that he had been stalking for the last three hours. That mule deer could feed him for over two weeks. Slowly and cautiously, he raised his rifle and lined up his sights with a tawny patch of hide right behind the buck's shoulder. Gently, he squeezed the trigger. After the smoke cleared, he found he had made meat. The next hour was spent carrying the buck back to his camp.

Once there, he skinned and dressed the deer. First, he opened the rib cage and took out the liver. He, like all mountain men, enjoyed a good meal of raw liver after the kill.

Then, he busied himself with getting supper. For his supper he threw in a hand full of beans and some meat and fat in the kettle. As this was cooking, he went to his precious store of flour and scooped out aobut two cups which he mixed with water and baked on a plank of hand hewn wood. When they both were cooked, he piled his plate high with food and ate. The rest of the day was spent cutting the deer meat into strips and drying and smoking it. Since he had little salt, this was the best way to preserve and flavor his food.

He took the hide to the stream and weighted it down with rocks. The water loosens the hair and makes it easier to tan. He would tan this hide in a few days, as he needed a new gun case and pouch.

When he awoke the next morning, he immediately went out and checked his trapline. Fur was the main reason he was there . . .beaver fur in particular.

After checking his traps, he went back to camp and stretched his beaver skins on willow hoops. Furs such as fisher, otter, ermine, mink, and martenwere stretched on thin slats of wood. Next, he used his knife to scrape all the loose bits of fat and flesh off the hide. Then he let the pelts dry.

Several weeks later, he went to his sticks which he had been notching to keep track of the weeks. After carefully counting them twice, he realized that in two weeks. After carefully counting them twice, he realized that in two days he would have to leave to attend a rendevous or he would not have a chance to dispose of his furs for another four months.

The next day he went to the Sioux camp five miles to the north. After the usual formalities of smoking a pipe, he gave the chiefs gifts of tabacco. He communicated in sign language that he wanted to trade his furs for horses and saddles. He traded four beaver skins for each horse and two ermine for a saddle. Back in camp, he cut eight 14 foot long poles to use as a travois and to use to set up a shelter on the way to and at the rendezvous.

The next day, he made a final check of all his traps and took out: fourteen beaver, three mink, seven ermine, two otter and four pine martin - an average day's catch.

cont. -

After he finished eating, he skinned the fur and practiced throwing his knife and tomahawk for he knew there would be several blanket matches at the rendevous. He figured he would sharpen his rifle skills along the way.

The next morning he set out riding his horse and leading three others. But as the hot sun rose in the eastern sky, he got off and led his horse for a while. About midday he stopped to water his horses. While his horses were grazing, he ate a piece of corn cake and jerked meat that he had brought with him. He then drank from the stream.

The next day he grew tired of jerked meat so he shot two rabbits which made a rather flat tasting stew. He thought to himself - needs an onion, don't know how wolves and such get to like rabbits without an onion.

He knew he would reach the rendezvous the next day.

The next morning he woke and was off quickly. After about an hour of traveling, he spotted two warriors at the top of a ridge, so he went far out of his way to avoid them. Other than that, his trip was rather uneventful.

When he arrived at the rendezvous, he set up his tent, and rolled out his blankets.

He then took his bundles of beaver skins and went to find a merchant or Indian to trade with.

When he found a buyer, the trading began. He needed more powder and lead, so he traded for them. He also decided he could use a few more blankets and traps. He got two 5 point blankets. They were the best he could afford. He got a dozen more beaver traps and a new knife.

As soon as most of his trading was done, he walked around to see what others had to offer.

At one tent, a man was selling beads which he bought many pouches of. He knew they would be valuable to trade to the Indians. Afterwards, he went back to his tent and got the rest of his skins, he went to find some blanket matches.

The first match he found was a rifle shooting contest. The object of the competition was to ricochet the bullet off a cast iron kettle and shatter a clay target nearby. He placed one beaver skin on the blanket. A drunken man foolishly wagered his rifle. He remembered the match well - probably because he had won it. For his prize, he wisely did not choose the rifle. Had he done so, a fight would surely have broken out. So he chose a blanket instead.

He competed in several other matches that day. He won one, and placed second in another.

That night, as he sat near his fire, he knew that this was the life that he wanted to live. It was full of danger, excitement, hardships and peril. The life of a mountain man was hard but few would give it up for all the comforts in the world.

by Shawn Higbee

I Hath a Told
(I Have a Cold)

I hath a told.
My noth need blowed.
I cannot beathe.
Iths gettin old.

I hath a told.
Iths tue iths tue.
I toph and toph.
Achooooo! Achooooo!

I hath a told.
I willy do.
My roat is stor,
My ead ith too.

I hath a told.
I tink I'll die.
Tho no I thay,
Oood Bye! Oood Bye!

Translation:

I have a cold.
My nose needs blowed.
I can not breathe.
It's getting old.

I have a cold.
It's true, it's true.
I cough and cough.
Achooooo! Achooooo!

I have a cold.
I really do.
My throat is score.
My head is too.

I have a cold.
I think I'll die.
So now I say,
Good Bye! Good Bye!

by Jessica Wehlage

The Wild and Free

Flowers and Horses
Flowers cover the countryside,
so distinctive and delicate.
Flowers and Horses
Horses roam the countryside,
so majestic with independence.

Flowers and Horses together
are one of nature's beauty.
The Horses stand proud
and arrogant.
The Flowers sit still
with silence.

In a way Flowers and Horses
are alike.
Flowers and Horses stand for
the "Wild and Free!"

by Tiffany Buskirk

My Cat

He creeps in the night, roaming the house, looking for a fight. He sees a stuffed animal lying on the ground. He crouches down and moves forward slightly, his eyes staring at the animal. He moves forward slightly again. He crouches down and raises his rump. Then he springs into the air. His tail flys back. He crashes into the animal. His paws wrap around it. He bites and claws at it. He jumps into the air with it landing on his back. The animal squeezes out. He immediately jumps back on it and flips over. He stands up to walk away and his back leg gets caught under the stuffed animal. He swirls around and grabs the animal, biting and clawing again. He gets up and walks away to find his next playmate.

by Jason Weibel

Close But Not Over the Edge

I'm so ugly
that no one cares,
death
would be a short answer
to my pain
caused by afflictions from fellow classmates.

If I committed suicide . . .

I wouldn't be able
to watch the sun rise or set,
or to feel the hand
of a beautiful woman
running across my unshaven face,
or to touch her lips in a passionate kiss,
Or to get what I want out of life.

by Mike Myers

Listen

Listen all around, what do you hear?
Do you hear the sound of your heart, beating against your chest?

Listen all around, what do you hear?
Do you hear your eyes wondering when you're supposed to be asleep?

Listen all around, what do you hear?
Do you hear yourself laughing, or do you hear yourself crying?

Llsten all around, what do you hear?
Do you hear a storm a brewing some where lost in a lonely body?

Listen all around, what do you hear?
Do you hear yourself dreaming, or are you screaming from a nightmare?

Listen all around, what do you hear?
Do you hear a monster yelling, trying to break feee from your yourself?

Listen all around, what do you hear?
Do you hear yourself in control, or is your life out of control?

Listen all aound, what do you hear?
Do you hear your parents yelling, or are you trying to get out?

Listen all around, what do you hear?
Do you hear your soul calling and screaming, deep inside of yourself?

Listen all around, what do you hear?
Do you hear yourself reading this poem out loud, or are you silent . . .?

by Michelle Syring

What Girls REALLY Say When They Use Sign Language

O: I ty-dyed your dog.
X: My dog ran away to Chicago.
O: That's why.
X: Oh.
O: You're clothes went out of style during 4th period.
X: You bleach your eyebrows.
O: Do not!
X: Do so!
O: Well, my underwear's too tight; I can't blink.
X: My ears are too loose.
O: Are my eyebrows crooked?
X: Do my socks match?
O: Isn't that chair cute?
X: Nice legs.
O: My poodle ate my toaster.
X: I kissed a brussel sprout.
O: My pig blew up.
X: My dad is gonna' buy me a wagon if I remember to wipe my nose before coming in the house.
O: Get a red one.
X: Know what?
O: What?
X: What was the question?
O: Shut up!
X: I'm not talking.
O: I'm gonna' get a designer pencil for my birthday.
X: How old are you?
O: I don't know, I can't count over ten without taking off my shoes.
X: Hey! What's that kid doing?
O: He's writing down what we're saying!
X: Get himmmmmmmmm, yedfcvgbubihn

The conversation you have just witnessed is true. The names were changed to protect the not-so-innocent.

Special thanks to our interpreter, an amateur mute person, who translated this at great personal risk. He is now in critical condition at Iowa City Hospital.

by Tony Hynes

The New Drug

There was a new type of drug out now; it was called baseball. Nobody really knew of it yet; it was just dragged around on the streets.

On one day, there were two boys by the names of Chad and Andyl; they were the best of friends. Today was the beginning of the fourth quarter. School was just about over.

After school both of them took a short cut to Andy's house. They went through one of the worst alleys of the city; it was where the big gangs hung out. As they were walking down it, a gang approached them.

"Whutcha school boys down in our alley?" the first gang member asked.

"We're going to my house," Andy said.

"Really. Youz boys want to try something?"

"No, we don't, thank you," Andy said.

"You don't? That's too bad then. We be seeing ya."

"Wait," Chad said, "what is it?"

"It's called baseball. Why, youz two want to try it?"

"Why not, tell us about it," Chad said.

"Well it's $50 a glove, and then youz throw this here ball, by the way which is $5, and catch it. It's really 'fun'," the gang member said.

"Fine, we'll try it. Here's the money," Chad said.

"Nice doin' business with youz two! Ha ha ha ha ha!" the gang member exclaimed.

When they got to Andy's house they tried it out, but Andy wasn't sure about it. They stayed up all night throwing the ball back and fourth; they were addicted to it. It was the new drug. But it was too late for them now. Their mothers were worried about them. They missed school and everything else. They just kept throwing the ball back and forth, back and forth. Neither of them were hungry or tired. They were like dreaming, and would never wake up.

Chad's mother called a person who knew about this new drug called Baseball. He told her that they were in a deep sleep;

cont.-

their brains were only concentrated on throwing the ball back and forth. If someone touched them, they would have a heart attack. And if they weren't stopped, they would die a terrible death. Chad's mother hung up, and cried. "This was it, the end of their young lives," Chad's mother said softly and sadly.

It had now been four days, and their case was in all of the newspapers around the country. Everybody knew about them and wanted to help in some sort of way. The police tried to track down the kids that sold them the stuff, but they had no hope.

The next day there was a big funeral. The two boys died at two thirty in the morning. Both of the boys mothers felt so terrible and didn't think that they should go on living. They were buried together. The next day at school there was another rumor of a drug, it was called hockey.

by Kevin Keppy

Springtime

The flowers are blooming everywhere,
Around the world people show their care.

It's springtime and animals are running free,
When you look around there's so much to see.

The children are playing out on the lawn,
Playing their games from dusk to dawn.

The round yellow sun is glowing brightly,
The stars glitter and shine nightly.

A waterfall's water flows over the rocks,
Fishermen are fishing off their docks.

Fish are swimming in the bay,
The air has the scent of clover and hay.

Hot dogs are grilling out on the grill,
Picnickers are picnicking up on the hill.

High in the tree you can hear a bird sing,
These are the sounds and sights of spring.

by Melissa Whisler

Nightmares and Dreams

Chelsey was a little girl of eight years. She had a loving family and a happy life. Then her nightmare started.

She came home from school to an empty house one day. This was a little unusual, but she got the key under the doormat and got in safely.

Her parents had been arguing a lot in the past few months, but Chelsey never thought they'd leave her. She sat on the couch and cried until her father came home two hours later.

"Daddy! Daddy! Where were you? Where's Mommy?" Chelsey asked.

"What? Here I am, and your mother isn't home! Go to your room!" her father yelled. Then he cursed.

Chelsey didn't know what she did, but she went to her room. As she left, she saw her father get out a beer. (This was as usual.)

If her mother had been home, she would yell back at her father for being harsh on Chelsey. This time, though, Chelsay was on her own. At 7:00 p.m. Chelsey went out to the living room. She was pretty much done crying.

When she got there, she found about twelve empty beer cans on the coffee table.

"Daddy, why have you been drinking too much beer?" the little girl asked sweetly.

Her father got very angry with this. He cursed a few words at her and asked where her mother was.

"I don't know, Daddy!"

This relly blew him off!

"Daddy, please don't!" screamed Chelsey with the greatest fear.

But that didn't help. Her father threw her against the wall. Chelsey screamed out with tears. He smacked her across the face so hard, her face went numb. He threw her again. When she fell to the floor in tears and screaming very loudly, he picked her up by the shoulders and threw her in her room.

"Go to sleep!" he ordered her. Chelsey couldn't understand. Her father had never hit her before, just yelled at her. It hurt her to think about it. It hurt her to move too, so she just stayed in a heap on the floor crying.

"Daddy! I"m sorry! I love you!" she cried over and over until she fell asleep.

Hours later Chelsey was awakened by yelling. It was her mother and father. She was so scared, that she stayed as still and quiet as she could on the floor the whole night.

The next morning her mother came in to wake her up for school. She jumped as her mother lightly touched her.

cont. -

"Oh, my darling baby! I'm so sorry honey! Chelsey, Daddy is having problems at work. He also forgot I had my bowling league last night. I couldn't get home earlier because the car stalled. He didn't mean to hit you either. He was just a little upset. We both also promise to not fight as much. Okay, honey?" her mother explained.

"Okay," Chelsey answered, unsure.

She did go to school because she felt okay. She told everygody she got her bruises by falling off her bike.

When she came home her mother and father were arguing again. They told her to go to her room. That's where she stayed until the next morning when her father woke her up. They didn't say a word to each other; except good-bye.

Everyday after school for the next two weeks either Chelsey got hit or sent to her room. She was so frightened that she barely talked to anyone.

Then one night her parents called a 'family meeting'.

"Honey, you know how much we love you. Well, as much as you mother and I both love you, we don't love each other. We are going to get a divorce. I know this is very scary to you, but everything will be okay," this time her father was explaining.

The next week her father moved out. Her family was falling apart in front of her eyes.

After about two weeks, Chelsey's mother started into a deep depression. Sometimes she hit Chelsey, or drank, or just sat there.

Chelsey went to school looking more and more bruised, hurt, and sad.

One day at school a social worker came to talk to Chelsey. "Hello, honey. Could you please tell me your name?" the social worker asked kindly.

"Chelsey," replied the frightened little girl.

"Can you please tell me how you fell off your bike and got so many bruises?"

"Well, I can't."

"Honey, it's okay. Whatever you tell me, it can stay a secret, okay?"

"Just don't tell my mommy or daddy!" odered Chelsey.

"Okay."

So Chelsey told the social worker the story and how she "didn't mean to be bad."

"Chelsey, if I gave you a new home where your mommy and daddy wouldn't hurt you anymore, and nobody was mad at you, would you like that?"

"If I don't get in trouble," said Chelsey, afraid.

The social worker talked to Chelsay a few more times and made some calls. They took her mother and father to court. Once there her parents lost the battle and Chelsey was placed in a foster home.

The couple who took her in decided to adopt her, and that's how Chelsey's nightmare became a dream.

by Christy Friederichs

CAGE

A tale of horror
listen my dear
a dark gloomy night
out on a pier
man screams a horrible sound
a man had fallen
and a man had drowned.
but he didn't fall
he was thrown
to make us think
he was accident prone.
And the next morning
I went for a swim
I could hardly see
because the light was dim.
but there he was
adrift on the shore
life was with him
forever no more.
A white lifeless body
caught in the sand
let who ever did this
forever be damned.
I must ask
why give birth
when so much of this happens
in this cage,
called Earth.

by Patrick Lee

All for the Love of It

She closed her eyes and held her breath. She felt the power surge beneath her. Right away, she knew something was wrong. Lady had pushed off her front legs instead of her rear legs because Sara had been leaning forward too far. They didn't have enough power, and they weren't going to make it over the jump. The next instant Lady was down, and Sara was flying through the air. Then there was darkness - only darkness. It seemed to spin around her. She tried to see through it, but she couldn't. A grey mist rose, and then she heard voices.

"Sara, come with us," they whispered. "You can't stay here anymore. You have to leave."

"I don't want to," she cried. "I want to stay here. I won't come with you!"

"You can't argue," they told her. "You can't do anything about it. You have to come with us!"

"What about Lady?" she asked. "Can she come with me?"

"No, she has to stay on Earth. She's still living."

"So am I!" screamed Sara.

Her eyes flew open to bright lights and a white room. Her mom rushed over to her.

"Oh, thank goodness!" she cried, "We thought we'd lost you."

"What happened?" asked Sara.

"Lady hit the jump, and you flew though the air. You hit one of the walls in the arena. We rushed you here. You went into a coma, and you ----".

"Mom, I can't move my legs! Get the doctor! I can't move my legs!" Sara shrieked.

"O.K., calm down, and I'll be back in a minute."

She streaked out of the room, screaming, "Someone get the doctor! Someone get the doctor!"

A few seconds later, Sara's mom came back in, dragging the doctor by his coat sleeve.

"What's the problem here?" he asked.

"I can't move my legs," moaned Sara.

"Well, let me take a look," he said.

He poked and prodded at Sara's legs.

"We'll have to run some tests, but I don't believe it will be anything to worry about," explained the doctor.

The next day he came walking into the room with a smile on his face.

"Your tests turned out great! All signs point to temporary paralysis. Your legs will be as good as new in a few months - after rehabilitation, of course."

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Sara. "I was worried I would never ride Lady again!"

by Kari Jewell

It was a Friday night and Kim was sitting in her room picking out something to wear because it was her friend Kate's 16th birthday. They were all going to go out. Kate had gotten a brand new car for her birthday and her parents said she could take some friends and go into town. Kate was excited to drive by herself with a bunch of friends, but she was nervous also.

Kim in the meanwhile was ready to have a great time. They were all going to see a movie and just drive around looking for guys.

Kate went to pick Kim up first. After she was done picking everyone up she drove to the movie. When the movie got over they all walked back to the car. Kate started the car and backed up without looking and almost got rear-ended!

"That was close!" Kate sighed. Just then two guys pulled up and asked them if they wanted to go to this huge party out in the country.

"Sure, sounds like fun," everyone hollered. When they got there everyone was drinking.

"Let's get out of here," Kim demanded.

"No, I want to stay," Kate said while looking around.

"Fine. I'll stay for awhile, but then we're leaving!" Kim yelled. After staying for awhile Kate and the rest of them had gotten drunk.

"Can we leave now?" Kim questioned.

"No, I'm having a great time," Kate mumbled.

"I want you to take me home now!" Kim screamed.

"Fine, but after I drop you off we're all coming back," Kate muttered. They walked out to the car and Kate walked to the driver's side.

"I don't think so," Kim yelled. Kim took the keys away from Kate and drove everyone home, then drove to her house. She had to carry Kate inside and lay her down on her bed. Kim called Kate's parents and told them she was going to stay over at her house.

In the morning Kate was puking and had the worst headache.

"I'll never ever do that again," Kate said as she was about to puke.

by Jessica King

First Kiss

I got my first kiss last night, can you tell?

You're the only one I've told yet,
but it's just as well.

Do I seem more sophisticated to you?
(I looked that word up in the dictionary.)

What?! You've already got your first kiss!
I guess I feel kind of ordinary.

by Shannon Tubb

If You But Only Knew

If you but only knew
my feelings for you,
they burn inside of me
like an eternal flame

If you but only knew
how much I need you,
I need you to care for me
as much as I care for you.

If you but only knew
how much I think of you,
I gaze at the stars
wishing that you too are thinking of me

If you but only knew
I love you.

by Cathy Chereck

THE WILL TO LIVE

It was 2:30 p.m. and the students waited anxiously for class to end. A few looked longingly out the window into the sunshine.

"Class, what year did Paul Revere have his famous ride? Keria? Are you listening? Keria?" the tired teacher replied impatiently.

Keria looked up sharply at the sound of her unique name. "Sorry ma'am. I guess I'm just . . ." but her mind just wandered and the teacher sighed.

"All right class!!! Wake up! It may be the last day of school, but we do need to get this lesson finished . . ." the teacher looked around, but not one young face lit up with enthusiasm.

"Okay, the principal might not like me after this, but pack your bags. We're going outside." As soon as those words escaped Miss Ferniro's lips, a deafening roar exploded in the stuffy classroom.

"Hold on!" shouted Miss Ferniro, "We still have to finish the lesson, just a little differently!" Miss Ferniro smiled to see her students laughing again. She knew Mr. Johnson would give her a lecture after school, but she wasn't getting anything accomplished in the classroom.

The bell let out a wail and the students ran like a herd of elephants.

"Keria! Wait - can you come to a party later today? Bring a bathing suit! Oh - invite Chad," said Keria's best friend, Janeen. She smiled and then ran off to invite some more people.

Keria went to find Chad to see him talking to some of his friends. "Chad? Janeen wants to know if .. ."

Keria was cut off by bubbling Melanie, who came up and kissed her boyfriend, Nealon. "She wants to know if we can all come over about 4:00," said Melanie, motioning to everyone in the group.

"Sounds like fun!" said Jillian, who had overheard Melanie talking. She walked up to them, swaying her hips and smiling at all the guys.

"Great. Just what we need - a stuck-up, wanna be," muttered Chad.

"Shut up! Be nice!" Keria whispered as she tried to smile at Jillian.

"I'm sorry, but it was kind of a private party. Close friends only," stated Melanie icily. She narrowed her green eyes for a second, then turned around fast, her curly red hair following her.

cont. -

"Well, did you have a bad day? Or are you jealous that Nealon might dump you if he sees me in a bikini?" Jillian laughed.

Nealon gave Jillian a stare that would shatter anyone's confidence, then put his arm around Melanie. "Let's go dear. I'll walk you to the party."

"Oh, aren't they cute. Now if I was going with Nealon..." but Jillian was interrupted by the class clown, Sean, who depants her.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!!! YOU . . ." the red faced Jillian pulled up her pants then raced for the bathroom, but not fast enough. Sean ran after her and tripped her - straight into a mud puddle she fell.

Sean laughed till his sides hurt, then came over to Keria and Chad. "I doubt if you'll see Jillian at the party. Gotta go. Oh - doesn't one favor deserve another?"

Keria hesitated before asking him what he meant.

Sean just laughed and said, "Put in a good word for me to Janeen. See ya later!" Sean darted off toward the ice cream shop, where he saw Janeen.

"Sean and Janeen? Oh, please!!!" Chad laughed before he said good bye to Keria and left.

Keria sighed. She sure had a crazy bunch of friends.

* *

"Where's Sean? He said he would come . . ." muttered Janeen.

Chad laughed, "So you two lovebirds finally met?"

Janeen blushed and shoved Chad into the pool.

"Hey! That's not fair!" shouted Chad.

Janeen walked up to the side of the pool and bent over. "Who said anything about fair . . ."

But Chad used his opportunity and pulled Janeen in. Pretty soon the whole party was inside the pool, but everyone scattered when Sean arrived and cannon balled off the diving board.

"Sean!!!" Janeen swam over to him and put her arms around him.

"No! This is a party, not a love scene! Come on!" yelled Nealon, motioning to the diving board, "Let's play chicken!"

Melanie smiled. Nealon loved this game because he always won. His parents owned a condo in Florida and there he had made a diving team. No one could match his skills. Chad and Sean raced over to line up behind Nealon, but Melanie, Keria, and Janeen decided to go get some pop.

"Well," said Keria once inside, "you and Sean?"

Janeen just smiled. "Let's get some pop. Those guys will probably be thirsty after playing chicken. I don't know why they play - Nealon will always win!"

cont. -

"It's something about male pride, I guess. Let's go." said Keria. They got the pop and started outside. Before they got outside, they heard a scream. They ran outside to see Chad floating in the pool.

"I'm so sorry . . . it's my fault . . " Nealon muttered, with tears in his eyes. He just stared for a minute, then ran inside. Melanie followed him, just to make sure he didn't do anything to hurt himself.

"What happened?" Keria stammered.

Sean replied slowly, still amazed, "Nealon did his championship dive, I chickened out of it, but Chad . . ."

"NOOOO!!!!" Keria ran inside, tears flowing like rivers. She ran to the couch and just cried.

"I'll call the hospital. He'll be okay . . ." said Janeen, but no one was listening. Nealon was just sitting there, staring. Melanie was at his side, trying to calm him down. Keria was crying hysterically. Sean came with Janeen to call.

* *

"Yeah, okay. I see . . ." muttered the officer writing everything Sean said down on his notebook.

The ambulance had taken Chad to the hospital and Keria had taken Janeen's car to follow. Janeen and Sean were trying to be helpful to the officers, but nothing they said seemed to help. Melanie had taken Nealon home.

"You've been a big help. I'll be contacting Nealon Sanaburg tomorrow. My sympathy is with you. Good day." The officer got his jacket and left.

"What are we going to do?" Janeen asked Sean.

"Let's go to the hospital, Keria will probably be hungry."

When they arrived at the hospital, Keria was sitting next to Chad, holding his hand.

"His parents came. They don't blame Nealon . . ." Keria managed to say. She had no more tears left, she was just sitting there.

"We brought some food. You better eat something." Janeen said quietly. She hesitated before asking, "What did the doctors say?"

"Well, when we tried to do the harder dive . . . you see, you need deeper water, and . . ." Keria just trailed off and her eyes went blank.

"I believe what she was attempting to tell you was he broke his neck and is paralyzed from the waist down."

Janeen and Sean turned around to see a young doctor in the doorway. Behind him was Nealon and Melanie, followed by Chad's parents.

cont.-

"He will never be the same, but he will improve. He just needs your love and support," the doctor rambled on, without anyone really listening.

"Paralyzed?" Nealon wondered out loud.

"He'll recover, you'll see him smiling again," said Chad's dad.

Chad's friends and family gathered around him, swearing to each other that Chad would still live the best he could. They were determined to love Chad and give him the encouragement he needed to survive. They were going to give him the will to live.

by Jacki Schmitt

Iowa

The sight of corn as you pass by,

Overhead a pathway of bright blue sky.

The miles & miles of flat shapeless land,

You can see it all from where you stand.

The Indians came here, & found it quite right.

They gazed wonderously, Oh what a majestic sight.

by Jill Nebel

LOSING IT ALL

"The score is 47 to 46!!! The visiting team is winning by one point . . .Dreyman passes down to Johnson - around the back pass to Freeman and he drives - HE SCORES! Another victory for James Freeman!!! Wow! I'm sure the North Carolina scout was pleased with that victory! Catbirds win 48 to 47 over the Tigers!" shouted the announcer enthusiastically.

Rachael Merson ran down to her boyfriend, James Freeman, and hugged him tightly.

"You were great! Let's go celebrate!" cried out Rachael over the cheering.

James wiped his face off with his jersey and pulled Rachael away from the roaring crowd and shouted, "Let me get cleaned up and we can go out for pizza . . ."

James was interrupted by Craig Johnson, the leader in assists for the Catbirds. He was a tall, muscular boy who was popular for his easy-going attitude. He smiled his brillant smile and exclaimed, "No way, Jimmy boy! This victory deserves more than a pizza! Come over to Steve's house for a victory party," he leaned over and kissed Rachael on the cheek and then whispered, "Bring your cutey pie with you." He stood back up, slapped James on the back and smiled.

"Oh, I hate him!" Rachael muttered as Craig left. She turned to James and pleaded, "Come on, let's have a night alone! You know I don't like Craig, or Steve . . ."

But James gave Rachael his puppy dog eyes and replied, "Please, for me? Just one night! I'll spend all weekend with you . . ."

"Oh, all right." Rachael said reluctantly, "But only because I love you."

James smiled and kissed her before he went to the locker room to get cleaned up for the party.

Rachael walked out of the gym and into the clean, crisp air. She pulled her jacket closer to her thin body as she walked to her car. She was a tall, slim girl who had long, black hair. She had dark brown eyes that were always clouded with thoughts.

"Oh well, it's just for tonight . . ." she muttered.

"Who you talkin' to?" a voice called out.

Rachael spun around to see Craig standing there. He had already began his drinking. A beer was in his hand and his breath was like dragon fire. He tripped over to her and put his hand around her waist. He leaned over . . .

"Stop it Craig!" she tried to get untangled from his death tight grasp, but her strength was minute compared to him.

He tried to kiss her but she kneed him. His eyes flared up with anger and he dropped his bottle, glass shattering over the pavement.

Rachael's scream pierced the air, but only the walls of darkness heard her.

cont. -

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Rachael ran, tears streaming down her flushed face. She ran into the gym, just wanting to get near people. She felt dirty, and ashamed.

"James? James!!!!!!!!!!" Rachael called out frantically. Everyone was looking at her ripped clothes & tangled hair. But she didn't care, she just wanted to get James and leave.

"What's wrong?" James questioned when he finally came out of the locker room.

"Let's go! We are NOT going to that party, James! We are never talking to Craig again!!!"

"What did Craig do now? Was he harassing you? Come on, he's just having fun . . ." but James stopped mid sentence when he realized what ripped clothes and a drunk boy meant.

"Why that little . . .did he? I'll kill him!!!! Let's go to the police!!!" James stormed out, meeting Craig on the way. He stopped and punched him. Craig just laughed.

"Poor girlfriend is a little slut!" stammered Craig, drunk as can be. With one fierce blow, Craig was down.

"Let's go!!!" James stormed to the car, grabbing the beer Steve was holding. He yanked the crying Rachael and started the car. He guzzled down the beer, and raced the car out of the parking lot.

Rachael cried, not only for the rape, but to see James like this. He could get in trouble. She tried to calm him, but his rage blinded him. He was going too fast, he had alcohol in him, and his temper was flared. All these mixed caused the little car to run off the road.

For the second time that night, a deathly scream echoed through the night. But this time it was truly a death.

When the police came, they discovered Rachael dead but James holding on. They raced him to the hospital, but the doctors had terrible news. He would lose his basketball career, along with his legs.

"No! I'd rather die . . ." cried James when he learned of it. He would have to struggle, but he would make it.

"But what about basketball? It is my life!!" James pleaded with his mother.

"Coaching! But I really think you should look into a different profession. You are so smart, Rachael really helped you bring your grades up . . ." but his mother made a bad mistake mentioning Rachael.

"I killed her . . ." James cried, not caring about himself anymore. His temper had finally caused some harm.

After his mother left, James decided to do something drastic. The guilt was taking over his mind.

When he overdosed on his medicine that the nurse had left behind, all he could think about was being with Rachael.

"I'm coming . . .I'm so sorry . . ." mumbled James as Death stole his last breath. He had lost his legs, his love, his dream, and now it was over. Forever. No second chances. James Freeman was dead . . .

by Jacki Schmitt

LIFE

A corrosional outlook,
a life that can't be bought.
A lifeless corruption,
a war that should be fought.

The search for mankind,
a forever ending loss,
The world is dead,
a price that dearly cost.

Our children have inherited,
a life that's not worth living.
Death an every day game,
that is all we're giving.

Catastrophical countries
many problems arise.
One thing after another,
Lord, tell me what's the price.

Much religious blasphemy,
they think that God's a joke.
They are the losers,
of eternal life they choke.

There are many problems,
why can't we open our eyes?
This world can be a better place,
if we'd only try!

by Jon McKnight

Chicago Bears Last Football Game

It was the beginning of the football game,
and they hoped they wouldn't go down in shame.
The team gave the ball a good kick,
and it headed straight towards Rick.
He ran towards the other side,
and got tackled at the ten yard line.
The quarterback's ball had a fumble,
and all the team players had a tumble.
It came down to the last inning,
and the Bears kept on winning.
The Chicago Bears went down in fame,
all because this very special game.
The final score was twenty one,
to thirty one.

by Allen Asleson

THE SOUNDS OF THE CITY

The sound of the city is from the cars,
workers using jackhammers to work on the street,
people yelling at each other,
cars stuck in the rush hour,
horns honking,
birds chirping,
dogs barking,
factories sounding warning horns,
boats rolling into the harbor,
people talking to each other,
radios blasting,
windows breaking,
guns going off in the alleys,
kids yelling and playing,
car crashes,
cars burning rubber,
trains rolling through town,
cats purring,
people yelling at the stock market,
printers printing,
bulldozers bulldozing the land for new roads,
cranes taking down buildings,
garbage trucks picking up garbage,
police sirens are sounding and there are many,
many,
many,
many more.

by Jeremy Banks

Help

I was sleeping when I heard something,
I grabbed my gun from under the bed.
And I listened in the dark,
not knowing what it was I dread.

I stood in the corner by the steps,
I saw the shadow coming towards me.
I wanted to run away,
from the thing I couldn't see.

Then I saw a shining blade,
I pointed the gun ahead.
I wanted to pull the trigger but,
thinking will I be alive or dead.

I asked, "What do you want?"
the thing turned quickly,
I got ready to shoot,
if he came towards me.

I pointed the gun at him,
wondering what was in my house.
The thing stood very still,
and was quiet as a mouse.

I looked around the stairs,
to see what he was trying to do.
I needed more light to see,
or otherwise I have no clue.

I decided to do something,
so I decided to shoot at him.
It would let me see for awhile,
and I would try to hit him in the limb.

I pulled the trigger fast,
when I looked all I saw was a cat.
I was so scared over,
My silly cat named Mat.

When I looked over the ledge
I saw a guy who looked insane.
I saw him crying,
But then I felt a bullet in my brain.

by Nick Belk

The Green Table

One summer day, two boys were outside playing chess on their green table. "Check Mate," said Brian. "Oh man, I lost again, let's go inside and take a break." The boys were inside for maybe five minutes when they heard a huge noise, when they got outside, to their surprise there were about four or five hob-goblins stealing their table. The two boys just stood there in shock. After they finally recovered from the shock, they got up enough courage to look down the hole, all they could see was blackness. Then they decided to go down the hole after the table.

When they finally reached the bottom of the long tunnel they noticed a hole at which they could see light. They peeked through the hole and saw a huge room with hundreds of hob-goblins throwing a party, then they noticed the green table. They seemed to be using it to lower a water-goblin into the fire pit. Just as they were just about to climb back up the hole they both felt a sphere being pushed in their back. Then they heard a husky voice that said, "Come with me!"

The boys both obeyed instantly as the hob-goblin led them through the huge room to a throne. On the throne sat another ugly creature. The boys figured this hob-goblin must be the king or some other kind of leader, from the crown it wore on its head. The guy on the throne talked in the same husky voice that the guard had used. "Why are you here?"

"You stole a green table of ours, we want it back," said Mark.

"We need that green table to lower that there water-goblin into the fire pit."

"What the heck is a water-goblin?"

"It's a goblin that goes around doing good deeds. They make me sick. We found this water-goblin in spying on us, so now we're going to send it into the fire pit!" There were resounding cries of "Yeah!" and "Hurry up! Fry 'em," in the background.

"With our green table?" asked Brian.

"The table must be green because that is the fire pit spirits' favorite color and if the table is not green he gets angry and will kill us all."

"Yeah, right, I'm sure there's really a fire spirit whose favorite color is green. Get real." said Mark.

"You do not believe me, then you shall see for yourself, we shall lower you in the pit also. We all must make a sacrifice every week, this time instead of one offering the fire pit god will get three. Tie these guys up with the water-goblin."

"You can't do this, we'll be killed!"

cont. -

"Well duh, like I said, we're hob-goblins, we do bad things. Since you also seem to always be doing good things, you can go down into the fire pit, too."

The king hob-goblin tied the two boys up with the water-goblin and began to lower the green table into the fire pit with bubbling lava.

"Hey, you can't do this to us!"

"Wanna bet?" said the king hob-goblin.

As he began to lower the table in the lava pit, all the other hob-goblins peered over the side to watch. They were all laughing and grinning and saying things like "Hope you brought your sun tan lotion, it's a bit hot down there." Then just as they were about two inches from being dipped into the lava the table started glowing. Somehow the ropes snapped in two and the table began to elevate until it was floating in the middle of the room.

"Holy @#&%*," said Mark, "we appear to be flying." The table flew right out the room, up the tunnel they had climbed down, and right on the front porch where it originally was.

"Since when could our table fly?" asked Brian.

"Who cares, it saved us!" exclaimed Mark.

"Where are we?" asked the water-goblin that was still with them.

"Wow, what are you, some kinda demon?" questioned Mark.

"I'm a water-goblin, you know, a good goblin. Thanks for saving my life, I thought I was a goner.

"It was no problem, but how did your table fly?" questioned Mark.

"I made that table fly, I sprinkled some magic on it."

"You made that table fly with magic??! You can cast magic spells?"

"Yes, but no more than ten a day."

"Are you going to go home now?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't have a home now. The hob-goblins destroyed it, the few who survived have fled and are long gone by now. There's no way I could find them."

"Well, maybe you could stay with us. I'll go ask my parents."

"Mom, can I have a water-goblin for a pet?"

"Sure dear, just be sure to take care of it."

"Wow, my mom said that I could keep you!"

Mark, Brian, and the water-goblin all went inside and lived happily ever after.

by Lannatte Sheldon

ETERNAL CARROUSEL

Snowflakes on the ground once had laid,
Twinkling and glittering like slivers of ice.
A world of crystal the heavens hath made,
Tears wept by Mary, a sacred catholic mass.

Then swept away with bittersweet and sorrow,
The air grows misty, spring around the corner.
Heat from the sun, Apollo the god to borrow,
Snowman and family, 'twas but the only mourner.

A bird starts to sing a beautiful, mellow song,
Buds start to sprout amongst a world of green.
The air is alive, vibrant and strong,
We need not to fear, for at last it is spring.

by Jackie Jutting

ESCAPE

I wish I could escape from this shell they call a body, then just leap out and appear as a ghost and not be seen but heard. Then I'd be able to meet some extremely attractive woman. I would jump into her mind and see what she saw in a man like me. I'd know if I had what it takes.

I'd know how she felt instead of telling her the way I felt and making a fool of myself by not having the courage to ask this person again if there's a school dance, a date, a long romantic drive in the country, or a picnic by a babbling brook where the water is so clear you can see the bottom.

I'd take my hand and slowly but gently touch her face, then lean to her slowly till our lips met as if it was the last time we would ever hold one another again.

I'd hear the echoes of some sound coming from the shell I tried so hard to escape from.

Then I'd leap into my body to return to all the sour feelings towards me. I didn't do anything wrong, but I had something to do with it. Time will (hopefully) heal all wounds. Now with my pride, I must move on to a new hope that people like me will be looked at for who they are and not what they look like.

by Mike Myers

"THE RIPPER HITS THE BIG APPLE"

ONE

It just started about thirty seconds ago. I was walking down a dimly lit alley in New York City, when I noticed a body that was obviously murdered.

Then, when I looked up, I saw a dark figure at the end of the alley. When I reached the end of the alley, he was gone. There was something mysterious about this person though, as he ran away he kept laughing and said, "I'm back from the dead, they didn't catch me in London and you won't catch me here either!"

I went back to the headquarters to settle down and try to figure out who this mysterious person was, by the sound of the voice, I could definitely tell it was a man. Too bad that's all I know right now.

After I left the police station, I went home to try to get some sleep. I opened my door to get into my apartment, when in the full length mirror I saw the mystery man behind me. Thinking it was my imagination I started walking in, then I was knocked out.

When I woke up, I was tied to a post with heavy metal chains. Across the room in a black suit was the man I was trying to find yesterday. He turned around, all I could see was a ghastly grin.

TWO

"Oh, so I see the idiot whose chasing me for the past five hours finally woke up."

"Who are you and what do you want with me?"

"You still don't know who I am, even after I gave you that clue! Okay, I'll tell you. You see, about a hundred years ago there was a man who went around in London, killing young women. They called this man Jack the Ripper. You see don't you, that this man has come back from the dead and is here in New York. You stuck your nose in my business and now I must kill you."

When he left the room to eat something I saw a key about five feet from me in the corner. I struggled over to it and unlocked myself. Just as I was getting up and started running to the door, he confronted me with a hatchet in his hand.

THREE

"And where do you think you're going?"

"Um, well, you see I was getting up so I could teach you how to . . .KILL PEOPLE!!" I went for my gun and shot.

FOUR

Then it was over. He just vanished, I've never seen it since.

by Jeff Loquist

NIGHT OF THE VAMPIRES

1

It was a dark, dismal night. I went for a walk around town because, well, I didn't have anything else to do. I wandered over to the town cemetery. I didn't know why I was going there, but it didn't matter anyway because just then I heard a horrible sounding scream coming from the back of the cemetery.

I ran over to see what was going on. I walked by gravestones dating back to the 1800's. That was cool, but I needed to find out who was screaming. Just then a hand touched my shoulder. I quickly turned around to see a dead body standing there.

Then I started running. I looked back to see if it was still there. I ran into something. Quickly, I noticed it was another body. While lying there on the ground, the two bodies started changing. They were turning human again, becoming alive! This is what shocked me the most though, they were VAMPIRES!

2

I started running. I had to get out of there and get home. I had to warn someone. Then I thought of the scream, who had screamed? I didn't know, and I didn't care either. All I was thinking about were the vampires,and getting home. I had to find my way out of the cemetery but I couldn't find an exit. It was just continuous graves for as far as I could see. I was trapped!

The vampires were closing in on me. I kept running even though it wasn't doing any good. I didn't know what to do. I was being chased in an endless graveyard by vampires.

I thought back to my childhood years to when I used to watch horror movies. How do I kill a vampire? I asked myself. Was it silver bullets? No, no, that's a werewolf. Sunlight! That's one! But wait, it's dark out, and I couldn't expect sunlight for a while. If ever? A wooden stake through the heart! That's it! Now all I have to do is find some wood. I'll use a tree limb!

I ran over to the closest tree. I pulled down a short limb and broke it off. I crawled behind a large gravestone and got out my pocketknife. I started to cut one end of the limb into a point.

cont. -

3

After finishing my wooden stake I waited for the first vampire. Then I heard leaves rustling. I knew he was close. I got in a position, ready to get him. I jumped out. It was the vampire. I could see his fangs, his eyes were glowing. I didn't think, I just stabbed him. Right through the heart! There was blood on my hands, but I didn't care. I had killed him.

There was still one left though, so I started running. I found another tree and hid behind it. I got ready for the next vampire. While I was waiting, I thought of the scream again. As I remember, it sounded like a woman's scream. I wonder if the vampires got her, and maybe turned her into a vampire! I couldn't think about that now, but I'd better watch out anyway. I had a vampire to kill.

I heard him coming long before he actually got there. The leaves were rustling louder now. When he got close enough, I jumped out and stabbed him. Then there came more rustling. The vampire was dead, but it wasn't coming from him. It was a woman, no, a vampire! I was helpless! My stake was still in the other vampire! Before I knew it she had bitten me on the neck!

"But I don't wanna be a vampire! I don't wanna be a vamp . . ."

It was too late.

THE END

By Tony McKinney

"Life"

Spring is becoming born
Birds chirping
Rain coming
New life is here

Summer, the funnest time
Kids playing
Good things
Life is bright

Fall is getting old
Grey hair
Slowing down
Life has lasted

Winter is dark
Sad friends
Goodbye
Your life is done

by Josh Neyens

Never Forget

This place is absolutely perfect, I thought. Sunlight showering from the sky. The grass is greening wonderfully. Shades of yellow and red spot the crisp air. Trees are abundant all around. You can smell the sweet smells of autumn, the light breeze caresses your hair. You can feel the precious atmosphere.

I walked slowly through the woods. Branches and twigs snap under the pressure of my weight. The breeze ruffles my auburn hair.

I sat on a nearby stump and thought of my friend. My friend who left me just days ago. I longed to be with him but yet I knew it wasn't possible. I thought of all the fun we had rollerskating, walking, and just talking about our dreams. I wished I could still do these with him but it was simply impossible.

I picked up a stone and watched it plummet into the small stream that trickled past my feet. I wondered if he remembered I even existed. I wonder how he was. It had been days since we had spoken, but I still remember every word which was said. I am afraid I will forget. That's the one thing I can't do. I have to keep on remembering. If I forget he will be gone forever.

Now as I remember him, I hope his memory will always linger in my heart. I hope he will be with me until that final memory is past.

by Karen Rhodes

The Wave

The wave came
Out of the sea
And it grew to
Be so big
It came to seize
The land
As it fell upon the sand
I ran to catch it with my hand
And to my surprise
It rolled out of my
Hand and off of the land
And went back out
To the sea

by Brian Steward

There was once a man named Stan
He wanted to get a tan.
He soaked up sun rays,
got cancer in days,
and now he's a sick old man.

by Katy Rashid

Santa At Christmas

This is a story, it gets kinda' old
I think I will tell you so it will be told
it is about Santa on Christmas Day
When he makes all his toys then is on his way

Twas the night before Christmas
and all through the house,
everything was stirring
even the mouse

The elves were making toys
for Christmas Day
'cause Christmas was only
a day away.

Let's go see Santa
and his merry wife
The house is all lit up
and brought to life

"Oh, no," said Santa
"I don't feel so swell,
What about the children,
what am I to tell?"

"Take some of this,
then go to sleep.
You're always complaining;
no let me sleep."

Santa walked to his room
and got in his bed
he thought of the children
as he rested his head.

Santa woke up 'cause
it was time to go.
But Santa's jacket
his wife had to sew.

"Are you done, Mrs. Claus?"
as he walked by the fire
"Yes, my dear,
I'm not a liar."

cont. -

He put on his coat and
walked to his sleigh.
The toys were in bags
in an orderly way

"Where are my reindeer?"
yelled Santa in distress
"This can't be happening,
Oh, what a mess."

"Maybe they're inside
taking a bath"
The reindeer were coming
down a narrow path.

"Where were you guys?
It's time to go"
"We went to a fair so, chill, man,
don't blow."

The reindeer all got
into their places;
they had to bring toys
for the childrens' faces.

When it was time
for them to take off,
Santa let out this giant cough

And soon they were all
on their merry way
to make the kids happy
on Christmas day.

Santa went to almost
every house.
He gave presents to everyone
even the mouse.

When Santa went home
he went to bed.
He fell asleep
with a rested head.

Next year be good for Santa.
Act right
On Christmas Eve listen for sounds
that go bump in the night.

This poem was written by
Jenny Lynn Beier.
I believe in Santa
or am I a liar?

by Jenny Beier

Ghost

Listening flashed outside of the window. I curled up to the chair and turned on the T.V. My Mom, Dad, and sister had just left to go bowling. I was alone in the house. All of a sudden the phone rang. I jumped up and answered it.

"Hello?" I asked.

"Kelli?" a voice asked.

"Yeah, it's me. Hi, Kari. What's up?" I asked my best friend.

"Not much. How's everything at your house?" she questioned.

"Don't ask," I snapped.

"What's your problem?" she sounded hurt.

"I am sorry. I just hate being alone. I swear I hear people calling my name. This house is so spooky." I said.

"Well, I got to go, you know how my Mom hates for me to talk on the phone. Bye." I said shakily. I had just heard a noise in the back room.

I walked to the den, where I heard the noise, and opened the door. By now my heart was beating so hard I swear I could hear it.

The window was open and the curtains were blowing in the wind. By now I was all the way in the room. The door slammed shut. I turned around and saw nothing. I reached for the door handle and my hand was shocked. I grabbed a towel from the desk and grabbed the door with it. I ran out the door and slammed it shut.

I sat down to catch my breath. Later that night I had a restless sleep in our armchair.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I woke up the next morning to the sound of birds outside our window. I could hear my Mom in the shower. My Dad was in the kitchen cooking breakfast. My sister, Beth, walked up the stairs.

"What time did you get home last night?" I asked Beth.

"About 12:30, why?" Beth answered snobbily.

"Because I wanted to know, that's why!" I yelled at her.

I went to my room to get dressed. The sun lit up my room like a 100 watt light bulb did. I turned around and I noticed that my bed was unmade. "Beth," I called. "Did you sleep in my room last night?"

"No!" she yelled back.

I slipped on my jeans and a tee shirt and walked up stairs. "Dad, do you know if Mom made my bed yesterday?" I asked my Dad.

cont. -

"Yes, why Kell?" my dad asked.
"No reason," I called.
I went back downstairs to make my bed and my window was open. A spooky feeling whipped around my body.
I knew something was wrong, but I didn't know what to do. I walked back up the stairs.
By now my Mom was out of the shower. They were all sitting at the table eating breakfast. "Why didn't you call me for breakfast?" I complained.
"I did, don't you remember? You said that you would be right up," my dad answered.
"Oh," I mumbled.
I all of a sudden felt all alone. I realized I was. My parents were in the living room. "Kell, why don't you come out here?" my Mom asked me.
I walked out there and sat in my Moms' lap.
"Mom, something has been bothering me. Have you noticed anything unusual happening around here?" I questioned.
"Like what?" my mom asked.
"Like windows unusually opening, and beds being unmade, and strange noises," I answered.
"Now that I think about it I have noticed strange things," she replied uncertainly.
"Do you think I could go to the library to look in some old papers for information about deaths here or something?" I asked.
"Sure, I'll take you," she replied.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

When I got to the library I started to look through the papers from 1879 since that was when our house was built. I finished 1879 and started 1880. The headline was "FOWLER BABY DIES IN BLAZE". I flipped to the article and read it.
"Last night while most of you were in bed Emily Fowler, daughter of Theodore and Charyl Fowler, lived her final moments at St. John's hospital. Donations can be sent to the hospital. Emily's family has decided to leave their home at 32 Bluebird Lane. There is a lot of fire damage."
I suddenly realized that this was the Ghost. I put the papers away and went home. I told my parents and they figured that this was Emily's house and we should leave.
We packed our stuff and left the next day. As we left, I swear I heard a little voice say, "Thank You."

by Erin Eller

The Pond on the Road Side

That morning the trees had glistening tree tops. The snow was compacted and crunched under the weight of heavy feet.
The pond was frozen and covered with a blanket of snow. The girl stood with a shovel in her hand and a pair of ice skates over her shoulder. Her long auburn hair was tied in a ponytail and was covered by a hat. She wore a snug but warm skiing outfit on that would suit her needs well enough.
She laid her skates on the ground and began to shovel the snow from the pond. It was impossible to ice skate on a pond that had a heavy, thick snow on it.
After she had cleared the snow off of the pond, she sat down on a log, took her nice warm boots off, and tied up the laces on the skates.
After she got that done, she stood up. Were they tight enough? No. She thought she had better tighten them more because, if she didn't, she could risk injury.
After she had gotten them tightended, she walked slowly on to the ice to do stretches with her skates on. When she thought she was stretched out enough, she began to do figure eights, showing off as she practiced.

Vvroom! A car had just gone by. Sometimes she hated being by the road. Cars would go by, and she would show off, and she would get hurt. One time a man had been interested in her skating and had stopped to watch. She began to show off, and right when she went into one of her favorite leaps, she fell flat on her face.
She was so embarassed that she stayed there with her face in the snow. When she was finally brave enough to look up the man and the car were gone. She walked over to where she had last seen the car. If she was imagining, she would not be embarrassed, and she could go home and brag how good she had been that day.
When she finally got to where the car had been, she found she had not been dreaming, a man in a blue car had actually seen her fall flat on her face.
"Darn," she began to walk down the hill and to skate again.
She heard another car in the distance. She decided that this time she would not take a risk of embarrassing herself again.
This time when the car came by, she stopped right where she was.
"Oh no!" she exclaimed. The car had stopped, and her father got out of the car.

cont. -

"What are you doing out here? You said that you were going to be skating. Darn it Margaret. I told you I would not keep this farm pond and the land around it unless you used it, and when I come but here to see if my daughter was really telling the truth on how she skates so well, she is in the middle of the pond still as a statue," her father rambled on.

"But, Daddy, I was not lying. I can really skate. And I had been skating, I just was seeing who was coming by in the car."

"Well, now you know. I hope I didn't come out here for nothing. Let me see you skate, and I better see some good skating, or I'm gonna get rid of this here pond!"

Margaret chuckled uner her breath. That was her father's way of saying you better work hard to strengthen the talent you have.

Her father knew that Margaret had amazing talent and that she could handle it well. But a lot of the time she would show off to make herself feel better.

Margaret's father closed his eyes and began to see things from the past . . . a little girl was skating and she wasn't doing too good. A tall slim woman was helping her. And from some place a soft, sweet, gentle voice said . . . "Sugar, you got to learn to stand up straight and follow the way of the ice. You are trying to make your own patterns, but the ice has all ready made one for you."

The father opened his eyes. "The girl has improved in her skating alot," he muttered under his frigid breath.

Margaret was so gifted. She could see a move on t.v., and in less than a day (if she worked really hard) she could do what she had seen. She had been taking private lessons at the local all season skating rink, but the lady there was not very nice. She put her skaters down badly. When the father had asked her about it the woman said, "It's my way of making them work harder."

The man didn't think it was. In fact, he had seen some people get so hurt by her cutting words that they had quit or lost their will to skate. And some had been mighty good.

Finally the man came to a decision. "Hey there," he said to his daughter. "Come up here and let me talk to you for a few minutes."

The girl came up with a sort of regret. She thought, "He's going to get rid of the pond because I was not skating when he came up here. I knew I should have never come down here today."

cont. -

Once the girl got up there, the man began to speak. "Margaret, I don't know if you realize it but you have incredible talent. When your mama died, she had a savings account started for you so you could use it to go to college, but I think the real reason was so you could go to a real skating school and learn how to skate professionally to go to shows. That could give you a wonderful career that you could enjoy for the rest of your life. The decision is up to you. It is your life, and your future, and all that other mumbo jumbo that . . . well, any way, the choice is yours."

Margaret was silent for the longest time. She looked pack at the pond. Was she really good enough to go skate professionally? Was there enough tolerance in someone to teach her? But the biggest question of all was . . .is there really a savings account?

The young girl looked up at her father in a minute she knew the reply she would give him. There most definitely was an account, the older man's face said so.

"Yes, I will go as long as I am always walcome to come back. I don't like it there and if I need to, I can quit, but still have a place to come back home to."

"Of course, you can come back. But remember the other girls there will possibly give you trouble. Just make sure you don't give up so easily that you come back home in a month."

"I'll make sure that doesn't happen," the girl said with delight.

Two months later . . .

The girl stepped out the door of the old farm house. She had gone through every room trying to make a mental picture of the house.

"Don't worry," said the father, "You'll be back at Christmas."

"But that is months away!"

Her father go the pick-up while she said good bye to her cats and her dogs.

That evening . . .

Her father had left her and she found she had a comfortable dorm with 2 girl named Shelly.

Shelly had just started the day before Margaret came and so she was in the same boat.

Shelly showed Margaret where everything was . . . the other girls' rooms, the halls, and the dancing rooms (dancing was commonly used as a way of practicing without having skates on and being on ice). She showed her where the bathrooms were and the showers and the outfitting rooms. At last she showed her the ice skating rink.

It was 40 times as big as the little pond that Margaret had skated on, and 10 times as big as the ice skating rink in town.

Two years later . . .

cont. -

Margaret had become one of the more famous professional ice skaters.

Margaret still loved skating but not as much now because . . . because her friend Shelly had died skating.

Shelly had been skating at one of the most highly regarded skating championships when her skating partner had stumbled. She had fallen while Shelly was up in the air . . . and Shelly had landed on the partner's ice skate blade. She had died instantly.

Margaret felt that she could no longer ice skate at that place so she quit, leaving her famous career behind her.

At home, three months later she wondered if she had done the right thing. Should she have really given up her career, her life, her future? She could not always depend on her father for the roof over her head and the food she ate and the clothes she wore.

She made a decision to skate one more time at the Bancock Ice Capades in New York. She felt she would accepted for she was not a mere skater.

While she waited for the answer from the Ice Skating Foundation, she went back to the pond by the road side for the first time in almost three years. There she found the memories she had not let herself think about. There was a sense of safety there.

She found the answer she was looking for. If she was acknowledged for being a good skater, she would continue to skate and go back to the ice skating school.

Margaret did not ever make it to the Bancock Ice Capades, and not because she was not accepted. She was. On the way to the ice skating arena, her car was hit by a drunk driver. She died three days after the accident.

Margaret's father was very stunned, not only had he lost his wife but his daughter as well. He walked to the pond. He could not afford to keep it.

On the day it was to be sold, he walked down there and found something he had not seen before, memories too thick to get rid of were at this humble piece.

As the work crew came to sell the pond, he changed his mind all of a sudden.

After a few months, his house was sold. He had built a house by the pond. Whenever he wanted, he could look out his window and still see and hear a little girl and a tall slender woman who was saying, "Sugar, you got to learn to stand up straight. You're fighting the way of the ice, but the ice has already made a pattern for you."

by Connie Suiter

THE ESCAPER

Once in the town of Chicago on the day before St. Patrick's Day, there were five boys, Antwan, Jerome, Bubba, Garth, and Wayne, who were all best friends. One day Antwan started to play jokes on Wayne.

The next day Antwan put some flies in Wayne's soup. Wyane ate the whole bowl. Antwan could not stop laughing, so Wayne asked, "What's so funny?"

"Did your soup taste good?" asked Antwan. "I put flies in it!"

Wayne started hurling up his soup.

Wayne had to get back at Antwan so he put maple syrup in his underwear. Antwan got mad and didn't talk to Wayne for awhile.

A week later they all stayed at Bubba's house. Wayne and Antwan made up.

That night on the 10:00 news they said, "A serial killer escaped from the local prison. His name is Mad Dog Johnson. He is 6' 8", and 264 lbs. He is around the Chicago Metropolitan area."

Bubba said, "That's around here."

They were all worried about getting killed. "Hey, let's go and wait for him outside," Garth said.

Jerome hit Garth in the head and said, "You are so dumb."

Antwan saw Mad Dog walk into the apartment building. He yelled to the others, "Hey guys, I saw Mad Dog."

"It's probably another one of your jokes," said Wayne.

Then they heard a scream.

They all ran outside except for Antwan.

Bubba yelled, "Mad Dog got him."

Suddenly Mad Dog burst through the door. They all ran to the police station.

When they got there everybody was dead. Mad Dog came in and grabbed Wayne. They all ran to Jerome's house to get some guns.

The only kids that survived were Jerome, Garth, and Bubba.

Those kids went out to find Mad Dog. They were walking for hours. "Let's go back to my house," said Bubba.

When they got there, Mad Dog was on the couch eating popcorn and drinking a beer. "I have been waiting for you," he said.

Garth picked up his gun, aimed it at his head, and said, "This is for Antwan and Wayne." He pulled the trigger. The shot echoed in their minds. As the smoke cleared, they saw that he shot him in the ear.

cont. -

Mad Dog got up, threw his knife and hit Jerome in the leg. He fell and could not get up. Bubba kicked Mad Dog in his ear. He hit Bubba in the face. They started to fight. Mad Dog was on the ground, and Bubba was on top of him hitting him. Garth pulled him off, and he started hitting Mad Dog.

Mad Dog threw Garth off, and we heard a gun shot. Mad Dog fell. Jerome shot Mad Dog in the heart.

They called the police to come and get him. When the police got there, almost the whole city was there. Jerome was the hero of the St. Patrick's Day massacre.

by Caleb Sumpter

"At That Age"

You know that age when everything goes wrong?

You don't get babied anymore but you don't get treated like an adult.

At that age you're in junior high.

That's the time when the teachers treat you like you're three.

They won't let you do anything you want to.

At that age lots of stuff goes through your mind.

Things like what if people don't like me or everyone else is doing it, why can't I?

At that age your parents don't even relate to you. They say things like: "You don't act like you used to," and "Why can't you stay young and sweet?"

I don't know about you but I don't want to stay at that age.

by Kelly Lassiter

Head and Shoulders Above the Rest

It's 2091. An army platoon is going in on a secret mission to blow up a guerilla ammunition plant in San Salvador. The geography around the plant is like a rain forest. Tom Hawthorne is our leader. His platoon includes 8 people including myself. Specialist Anton Brown has the rapid fire laser cannon. Jason Nixon has the M-72 rapid fire gun with back up flame thrower. Everyone else is armed with G-14's with built in grenade launcher.

It is now dark so we're going to have to wait till morning to attack. I have a feeling no one is going to sleep. As I take off my dog tags, I look to see if my name is still on them. I know it will always be there, but I have to look. I read it over and over around. St. Patrick 1st sergeant of the 23rd special missions division. I'm going to be the one to give the commands on opening fire. I think I'll try to get some sleep before the attack.

"Sergeant, wake up, it's time to take position," said Clarence.

Clarence is the man who will go in first.

"O.K. I'm ready! How long until I should give the signal?"

"Give us the signal in 10 minutes," said Brown.

As I watched everyone get into positon, I loaded my G-14. What was said to be ten minutes seemed like ten hours.

At last I gave the signal. I could hear the screams of the men as the bullets cut straight through their bodies. The bad thing was that when the laser cannon's beams hit men, they didn't have a chance to make a sound. When Nixon used the flame thrower and charred all the men, it made the worst smell I had ever smelled. I shot a grenade out of my launcher, and it blew a captain's head clean off.

"Ten points," yelled Private Tomas.

After a half of an hour, we had control of the plant. It wasn't a large scale plant. It was more like a small building full of the guerilla's new, most experimental guns. We took only things that worked and that we could use and burned down everything else including the plant. While we were walking to the chopper landing site, we encountered a platoon of guerillas. We quickly set up our guns and got into position. I raised my hand, then dropped it. Everyone opened fire. Brown and his laser cannon blew a guy right in half. The guys blood splattered everywhere. I have never seen a bigger smile on his face before. You could definitely say he was proud. Just as I turned I saw Tom, our squad leader get hit. It blew half of his head and shoulders off. I ran as fast as I could to try and help.

cont. -

"Arnold, you've been a good friend, and I'm sorry you have to see me like this but I'm going to die and you're going to have to take over," said Tom with a half smile on his face.

"I'll do my best, Sir."

"I know you will. Holy cow it looks like I could use a little head and shoulders," said Captain still smiling.

"Yes, you certainly could," I tried to show a little smile. Then his eyes shut. I got so mad that I stood up and totally went berserk launching grenades like they were blades of grass (by the tons). My first shot hit a soldier between the eyes and blew the eyes in different directions. The second guy I hit was knocked back twenty yards into a swamp. The third guy I hit lost his right arm. Johnson ran over to me and knocked me down.

"You got to be out of your damn mind," yelled Johnson angrily.

"I'm sorry. My heart took over my actions."

"Well make sure it doesn't happen again, Patrick. Oh, by the way, that was some good shooting," said Johnson with a thumbs up signal.

We finished up and moved on until we found a place to rest with good cover till dark. We all slept pretty good knowing we had won.

"Sergeant, we have a serious problem," said Brown like he was on a shooting block.

"What is it?" I said as I jumped up.

"They have Cramer, our communications man," said Brown.

"Who does?"

"The guerillas. Last night when he was doing his watch, they grabbed him. When I ran over, he was gone."

"Get the group together. We're going after them. It took two minutes to pack up. We quickly found their camp. As we got into our positions, we saw them bring Cramer out tied to a large board. Then I saw a man with a knife stab him in the chest. He pulled out Cramer's heart. They put Cramer's heart right into his face. He was screaming from the pain so all I could do was shoot him. I know he would have wanted it that way. Nixon jumped out from behind a tent and used his flame thrower to burn all the men inside, when he got shot. I saw the bullet go straight through his chest. I knew he was dead. I saw the man who killed him running in my direction so I quickly hid behind a tree. Just as he ran by, I grabbed him, took my knife, and popped out his eyes. He screamed with terror. All I could do was laugh. I let him run around like a chicken with its head cut off. Then I blew off his head. I can still remember picking up his head with his brains hanging out of it and spitting on it.

"Sergeant, Jim Tomas was killed in action," said his best friend Tim Johnson with a tear in his eye.

cont. -

"Sorry, Tim, this just hasn't been our day."

"Is it ever?" said Tim and gave a faint smile.

"Get everyone rounded up."

"We're all here, sir," said Brown.

"I want you all to sound off starting with Brown."

"Brown present."

"Clarence present."

"Johnson present."

Two months later back in the United States, we were at a special medals of honors banquet.

"Arnold S. Patrick, Anton J. Brown, Terry M. Clarence and Tim S. Johnson, please rise. You are definitely some fine young men. Arnold, I think of you as the head and everyone else your shoulders and arms. Here are our well deserved medals."

Just as we put on our medals, we saw the Captain get shot through the chest several times with a 47 split shot hand gun, the most powerful hand gun in the world. Anton dove at his legs, and I went for the guerilla terrorists upper body. We took him to the ground. Then he tried to stab me, so I turned his neck until I heard a crack.

Anton jumped up and laughed, "That's music to my ears."

All I could say is, "Just like old times."

by Wally Malik

A Day Not Worth Waking Up To

"Boo!"
"Ahh!"
"I know I scared you."
"You did not. Now get out of my room."
That was my step sister, Rachel's, and my usual morning conversation except it was October 31, today, or as you may call it, Halloween. To me it was nothing special because I was 14, old enough to not get candy or be scared of ghosts. But being skeptic would change today after what would happen when I swore that there was a ghost always with me.

It was a normal morning after my sister rudely got me up. I got dressed, ate cereal, and watched television. Soon I heard a honk outside. I knew it was the bus so I ran outside. It wasn't there. The bus had disappeared in thin air. Strike one! So I pedaled my bike to school. Finally, I got there. Just in time, too, as I had a minute to get to my first class. When I got to science, no one was there. Then I remembered, we had to meet in the lab room. Strike two! I ran to the lab. The tardy bell rang as I almost got to the door. So now I have a detention on Monday with my worst teacher, Mrs. Mast.

Gym was next. I was having a good time until I got hit in the back of the head with a baseball. Strike three and I was out . . . cold. I was quickly sent to the nurse who told me I couldn't play any sports for awhile because I had a mild concussion. Now I can't play soccer on Saturday. Just my luck.

Finally, I made it to lunch. What could go wrong? Bad question. I tripped over my untied shoelace and fell in my potatoes. I was so embarassed. this was not my day. At last, I made it to the last period. All that was due was a story for language arts that I spent a whole day doing. I searched through my locker. It wasn't there! I forgot it at home. I almost cried. Some people have a guardian angel, mine had taken the day off. This wasn't happening to me . . .

"Ahh!" I looked around my bedroom. It was all a dream. None of this happened. Whew! Just a dream. I threw the covers over my head to think.

"Boo!"
"Ahh!"
"I know I scared you!"
"You did not, now get out of my room!"

by Corey King

"Alien Feet"

Hi. I'm Squant Janaal Fredricks Anguel Conculken (otherwise known as Quinten).

One day I was unloading cow manure for the "Toxic Crusaders" when a spaceship landed behind me. Aliens came out of the ship and announced themselves as the Julupian Jala Jupes from the planet Juga Jupetir. Right away I knew they were stupid because of their blond hair. I asked them why they were here, and they replied by giving me a saga on how bad their footwear was on Juga Jupetir.

When they were done talking, they demanded I take them to our best shoe store. I know "Shoes Glorious Shoes" was a good place and it was in the mall. When we got to "Shoes Glorious Shoes", they looked at the dress shoes but didn't like what they saw, so I showed them the new Nike Quadruple Pump Spring Gel Helium Hovercraft Jet Engine Roller 29,000,000,000,000,000,000 SXTUYRPFJLWANSRQ900 Super Flexiator Shoe. They were excited but looked sort of mad, so I reassured them that the shoe could be plugged in and recharged in one hour. That made them much happier.

We walked back to their ship and found that Juna (the dumbest of the bunch) left the ship running and that they didn't have enough power to get home. I asked them how much gas their ship took and got a reply of 80,000 gallons. I knew we couldn't get enough gas from around here to power the thing. But after some thinking I came up with an idea. I hooked a tube up from my behind and into their engines. I also put a converter in the middle to change natural gas into liquid gas. Then I cut one and propelled them into hyper space.

by John Neyens

You are the sunshine
a never ending ray,
Bringing me light,
On even the darkest day.
You are the tree,
in which I climb so high,
You are the clouds,
in the never ending sky.
You are the water,
flowing in the stream,
You are my love,
You are my dream.

by Jessica Kirchner

Red Bicycles

Red Bicycles, Red Bicycles
I like them big and tall

Red Bicycles, Red Bicycles
I like them short and small

Red Bicycles, Red Bicycles
Their tires should be black

Red Bicycles, Red Bicycles
When they go fast you can hear the wind crack

Red Bicycles, Red Bicycles
They are so fast

Red Bicycles, Red Bicycles
My poem's done at last.

by Neal Sawyer

To Kill for Money

I woke up this morning with a feeling in my stomach that was saying something's wrong. I didn't know why I had this feeling or when it was gonna go away. So I got up and I got ready for school. I wanted to stay home but I had a test that day for driver's ed and if I passed I would get my license. I could just picture myself behind the wheel of my mom's candy apple red porsch. My blond hair blowing in the sweet California breeze. My blue eyes hidden behind black sunglasses. I snapped out ot my daydream when the phone rang.

"Hello," I said into the phone.

"Rachel, it's William."

"Oh hi, sorry my Mom's not here right now."

"I didn't call to talk to your mom. I want you to come down to the station after school. Is that o.k.?"

"Les, I can come down. Can you tell me what's wrong?"

"Just wait till you get here."

All day during school I couldn't help but wonder what the problem was. I kept getting into trouble for day dreaming. During 6th period I even got kicked out of class. Seventh period went well and I passed my test and got my license.

I walked home and when I got there I remembered that I was supposed to go down to the station. So I jumped into the car that mom hardly ever used so it sat in the garage, which made it hard to start.

I got to the station and I had to wait about twenty minutes before William could see me. (William is the police captain and my mom's boyfriend.)

"Rachel, I have some bad news for you. We found your mother's car and there was blood all over it."

"Nice joke!" I screamed because I didn't want to believe it.

"This is no joke. We still haven't found her body though. They are doing tests on the blood we had found in the car, so it will be determined if it is your mother's or someone elses."

"Oh my God. NO! It can't be true. Nobody would want to kill my mother."

"Rachel, go home and take a nap. Try not to think about it."

I went home and I sat on the couch, picked up the remote and flipped on the TV. I tried everything but all I could do was think about what happened to my mother.

I heard the door open. It scared me because I thought that whoever murdered my mother may be after me. But it was only my boyfriend that came in.

"Jason, you scared me. Have you heard what happened to my mother?"

cont. -

And with that I burst into tears. It finally hit me I would never see her pretty blond hair or her size 5 figure walking around the house anymore.

"Yes," Jason whispered, "I have heard. William called me because he didn't think you should be alone right now."

"Well, I'm glad you're here. I'm so upset. My mother's dead. It's so hard to believe."

"You should get to bed. It's late and you need your sleep."

"Ya, maybe you're right."

So I went upstairs and turned the light on in my room. The light bounced off the pale pink walls and reflected off the poster on to the picture of my mother that was sitting on my oak table. I turned the picture upside down so that I wouldn't have to look at it. I slipped into my light blue T-shirt and slid under the big pink quilt on my bed. I could hear Jason crawl into bed in the next room.

The next day I got up and went downstairs and I was gonna make breakfast for Jason. His coat and wallet were sitting on the bar stool in the kitchen so I picked up his coat and there was nothing in the pockets. I don't know why I was doing this. I picked up his wallet and there was about $70 in cash and a picture of his family, one of me and one of Mom. He and my mom got along so well. But on my mom's picture was blood and there was a note.

'I will kill her tonight and she'll leave 2 million dollars to Rachel, and as soon as Rachel has the money I'll make her give it to me, then I'll kill her.'

I screamed and Jason said my name. I spun around and stuffed the note into my pocket. I hoped he hadn't see it.

"Jason," I stuttered, "I think it's time for you to go."

I pushed him out the door and through his coat at him. I flipped the lock on the door and waited till I heard his car start and take off before I ran up the stairs and slipped into jeans and a red sweater with a pair of black boots. I ran out of the house and got into the car and slammed it into reverse and flew all the way to the Police Station.

"Yes, William, you won't believe what happened. This note will explain it all."

"I see. Well, I will put a warrant out for Jason's arrest. As for you, stay home and keep all the windows and doors locked. Don't let anybody in. I"ll be by later."

I went home not really wanting to be by myself, but I had no choice. I kept thinking why did he do it. My mother let Jason have anything he wanted. If he weren't my boyfriend he would probably have adopted him. I decided to watch some TV because I didn't want to think about what happened.

cont. -

After about a half hour it sounded like someone was upstairs. Nobody could get up there, I thought, but then I remembered that my mom's bedroom window was open. I grabbed my jacket and ran for the door. But it was too late. Jason was at the bottom of the stairs, knife in hand.

"Well, well Rachel. You thought you could get away. Sorry, but it's too late."

"Why are you doing this? If you need money all you had to do was ask. Mom would have given it to you."

"She wanted to know what I needed it for, and when I told her it was for drugs she told me to get out of her house and never come back. But I knew when she died you got 2 million dollars, so I killed her. And now I'm gonna kill you and take the money."

"Is that all you want. Just take the money. You don't have to kill me for it, just take it and go!"

"I can't do that. You will tell the cops. They will just think you committed suicide because of the death of your mother."

"It's not gonna look like I killed myself if you stab me to death. They're gonna know it was murder."

"No, that's just the thing. You're gonna write a suicide note and then I'm gonna cut your wrists and they'll think you killed yourself. But we will first go to the bank and get my money."

After he said that he turned his back and I grabbed the pan off the stove and hit him over the head and he fell to the ground. But I couldn't get to the front door because he was lying right in front of it so I ran up the back steps and into the hallway upstairs. I stood there for a minute trying to figure out what room. All of a sudden I was knocked onto my face with someone lying on top of me.

"So you thought you could get away. Next time you better hit harder. Oh sorry, there won't be a next time."

After that he grabbed me and threw me down the stairs. I got up and tried to run but he followed me right down the stairs and grabbed me again and slapped me. The pain traveled through my face and made tears come to my eyes. He dragged me out to his car and pushed me inside and grabbed a pair of handcuffs and cuffed me to the door so that if I jumped out I would get drug on the ground.

We finally got to the bank and he held my hand and pushed me up to the counter.

"What can I do for you?" asked the teller.

"I would like to pull some money out if I may," I told her.

"Well then you must fill out these forms." she told me in a rude tone.

After I filled them out and got the $2,000,000 Jason took me back to my house and told me to sit down at the kitchen table. He left her the room and I got up and dialed 911 and left the phone off the hook hoping someone on the other end would hear what was going on.

cont. -

"What are you gonna do now?" I stuttered.

"Well, you're gonna write a note to make it look like you killed yourself. Then I'm gonna kill you."

"Please don't do . . . ."

I was cut off in mid-sentence because he stuck the knife in my side and yelled, "Write!"

So I did as I was told. I wrote the note and he took it.

"Time to die." he muttered.

"Jason, can I have just one more kiss before you do this? I still love you, ya know."

"I don't see what that could hurt."

So he kissed me and I reached behind him to pick up a knife that was on the counter. He pulled back after our kiss.

"Well, are you ready to die now?"

"No, but you better be!" and with that I raised the knife and pushed it into his shoulder and pulled it out. Blood was dripping from the end and blood was running off his shirt onto the floor. He fell on the floor whining with pain and I ran to the door just as William came running in.

"What's going on here?" I heard some shouts as I came running up as fast as I could. My car's still running."

I took him into the kitchen and showed him what happened and told him the whole story. Jason was rushed to the hospital but he died because of the loss of blood. As for me, I still miss my mother but my grandmother moved in with me because I can't live alone. This story is one that will haunt me forever because I will never trust another man after my boyfriend killed my mother. But I have met another guy named Greg and he asked me to marry him after I graduate. This is a piece of my life & that I want to forget but in other ways I don't. My mother isn't here with me, but she's with me in spirit and in my heart. Jason, the first guy I loved, ruined a part of my life. Jason has also made it hard for me to trust guys and Greg still suffers for that. But I must put this behind me and get on with my life which is turning out pretty good.

by Becky Proffitt

KNIFE

Listen to what I must say
a story of a boy,
and what he did one day.
There was a boy
by the name of Jed
nobody thought
he would lose his head
one day he woke up
and went for a knife
he was planning
on taking a life.
He walked into the kitchen
being real calm
he wanted to do great harm
to his mom.
In the kitchen
he walked real slow
and so he killed her
with only one blow.
After that time
he did not feel bad
for would kill another
and he called this man
dad.
He had taken a gun
from his dad's room
in his eyes
you only saw doom.
He walked to his dad
and with a loaded gun
today he planned on
having some fun.
He pointed and fired
the gun at his dad
when he fell
he was bleeding real bad.
He killed his family
I have no doubt
he'll take the chair,
the easy way out.

by Patrick Lee

The Halloween Party

It was the night of Kari's party. She was home decorating her house and getting ready for a great night. Her friend Heather was there to help her.

"I hope this party is a success. I mean all of my friends are coming and I want them to have a fun time," worried Kari as she put up some streamers.

"Don't worry about it," assured Heather. "They're your friends, of course they'll have a good time. I'm even positive they have a good time if there is lots of slow music - if you know what I mean."

"Oh, Heather, stop your joking. Besides, there will be music, food, games, and lots of ghost stories we can tell. I'm sure that can keep a few people entertained."

"Hey, Kari, how many people are you inviting anyway?" asked Heather.

"If everyone comes here should be twenty people coming. Do you think there's enough snacks on the table. I hope these guys aren't total hogs. Do you think this looks ok?" asked Kari, pointing to streamers hanging from the ceiling.

"They look fine," assured Heather, looking at the fine twisting and turning the streamers made. They hung off the wall like coiled up snakes ready to attack. "But you might want to buy more chips. With the people you've invited four bags of Doritos won't last five minutes."

They both laughed. There were an awful lot of people coming. Ten girls and ten boys.

"I'll have to run to the store," said Kari. "Maybe I should buy 4 more bags. I'm glad my parents won't be here so they won't see the mess tomorrow."

"Go on ahead," said Heather. "I want to look in the attic to see if you have any scary stuff in there."

Heather opened the door to the stuffy attic. It reminded her of something that had been sitting there rotting for ages. It smelled really bad, and everything had at least an inch of dust on it.

"This should scare the living daylights out of my friend, the rich snob Kari."

"Heather, I'm back!" exclaimed Kari as she walked through the door. "So did you find anything up there?"

"No," replied Heather. "Everything had so much dust on it, so I didn't want to touch a thing."

"Oh well," sighed Kari, getting her groceries out of the bags." "We have enough decorations. I got four bags of chips and two cases of pop. That should last us a while.

In a half hour the people were all there, except there was twenty-one people. Who was the extra kid?

cont. -

"Hey Kari," it was Kari's boy friend Mike. "I hope you don't mind. I had to bring my cousin with me. He's from Michigan. He's kind of a loner so I don't think he will cause any trouble."

"No, that's O.K.," answered Kari with a smile. As long as Mike was here, she would have a wonderful time. "Let's dance."

"O.K.," Mike answered.

Heather went up to Mike's cousin who was standing against the wall drinking a can of pop.

"What's your name?" asked Heather. "I don't remember seeing you on the invitation list Kari made last week."

"My name is Jerry. I'm Mike's cousin from Michigan. Man, I wish I could be the life of a party for once!"

"Hi, Jerry, my name is Heather. I'm Kari's best friend. You say you want to be the life of the party, I'll show you how."

Heather and Jerry went into the attic.

When they came back down, the party bacame a downer. Everyone went into the kitchen, except for Kari who was getting refills for everything. When she was done she went in the kitchen looking for everyone.

"Ahhh," Kari screamed. She saw 18 lifeless bodies laying on the kitchen floor. Their throats cut out and Jerry and Heather laughing at the expression on Kari's face.

"Poor, poor Kari," sighed Heather looking at Kari with a shy smile. "Kari, your guests are such party poopers. Look they've fallen asleep and it's only midnight."

Kari couldn't say a word. She was speechless as she saw the blood drizzling down the hardwood floor.

"Maybe you shoud join them, snobby, rich girl." Jerry sneered.

Heather and Jerry started walking towards her with their blood dripping butcher knives.

"Kari, Kari, Kari, wake up. Gosh, I don't think your party is that boring." Then Mike walked away.

"Oh, my, it was just a dream," Kari said. Then she watched Heather and Jerry open the attic door.

THE END

by Jenny Beier

Where in the World is Carmen Sandiego?

One day Patty Larseny stole Antarctica. Patty Larseny is part of Carmen Sandiego's gang of V.I.L.E. henchmen. Nobody knew that it was stolen until the people on the space shuttle reported it. They could not find it on any of their maps. The United Nations Council asked Acme Crime Net to solve the case. They called Agent X. Agent X followed Patty from Australia to China. When he got to China, there was a big puddle. That must be where Patty set it over night. The owner of the hotel where she stayed said she planned on seeing the Pistons play. Agent X knew that the Pistons play in Detroit. Patty could hide Antarctica in the Great Lakes. Soon he flew to Detroit. Now he had enough evidence to catch Patty Larseny. He followed Patty from Detroit to Anchorage to London then to Lusaka, Zambia. Agent X caught Patty trying to sell Antartica to the people of Zambia. Agent X returned Antarctica to its place and the world was saved!! Agent X has put Patty Larseny in jail!!

THE END

by Rob Hall

The Petal of the Rose

A rose petal,
In the morning sun,
Filled with color,
Filled with love.
Morning dew,
Upon its thorns'
Glistening,
With soul.
No cares, no hatred,
Just peace and love,
Kindness is what,
It knows.

by Jessica Kirchner

Life's Little Surprises

Mercedes was a quiet, keep to herself, type of person. She never liked to express her feelings for fear that someone would make fun of her.

One feeling that Mercedes vowed never to share with anyone, was the feeling that she felt for her next-door-neighbor, Brent Yale. Brent was cute, sweet, and the only person that ever took her seriously. Mercedes and Brent had known each other since they were 8 years old. They first met when Mercede's family moved in from Indiana. Mercedes was outside, helping her mom empty stuff out of the car, when this boy came up and said, "Hi, my name's Brent. What's yours?"

"Mercedes," she said shyly.

"You must be our new neighbors!" he said, jumping right in after she answered.

"Ya, I guess so," she again answered, shyly.

The little boy, Brent, then ran home to tell his mom about their new neighbors.

Throughout the years Mercedes and Brent became better friends. Their families did a lot of things together; like camping, fishing, going on picnics, and even going to Disney World in Florida, when they were 12.

Now Brent and Mercedes were both 16 and still got along great. The only problem was that Brent was popular at school, and Mercedes wasn't. Mercedes wanted nothing more in her life than to be popular like Brent.

When school started back up in the fall of her junior year in high school, Mercedes was determined to get everyone to notice her. Her one problem was how she was going to do it. She thought about running for president of the junior class, but that just wasn't her. She tried getting involved in different activities but that wasn't good either. She was just about out of hope until the day they announced the nominees for Homecoming Queen, and her name was on the list! Everyone started wishing her good luck, cheering her on, and telling her that they would vote for her. Mercedes herself had voted for Storm Daly, the most popular girl in the junior class, thinking of course, that she would win. Now, Mercedes didn't care whether she won or lost, just the thrill of everyone knowing who she was, was joy enough.

The day of the ballad came, and everyone was gathered in the gym. Mercedes had on a beautiful teal green dress, that accentuated her eyes, and long golden blond hair. They had just announced the Homecoming King, who of course, was Brent Yale. (Her one and only true love.) The principal then stood up and said, "Now, for the moment you've all been waiting for. . . This year's Homecoming Queen is: Mercedes Lane!"

Mercedes was so happy and surprised that she didn't even realize everyone screaming and yelling her name.

cont. -

Mercedes and Brent were to start the dance that night, which they did. Mercedes and Brent were together all night. They danced, laughed, hung out, and had fun together all night long. The moment that really made everything perfect was right after the dance. Brent walked Mercedes to her car and once they were there Brent leaned over and gave her the MOST passionate, romantic kiss EVER!! Mercedes was so happy she was almost positive that Brent could see her walking on air.

Brent told her that he would call her tomorrow, and maybe they could go to a movie or something. Mercedes agreed and hopped in her car.

On the way home Mercedes did nothing but think of what happened to her, and how all her dreams came true in that one, three hour night. Mercedes remembered how everyone had watched her and Brent as they danced around the gym floor, totally staring into each other's eyes, and how much she was popular, and going with Brent and best of all, she was Homecoming Queen! her dreams were all coming true until . . .

[DECEASED]

Mercedes Lane, age 16 died in a car accident last night around 11:00 p.m. She was allegedly driving down Lincoln Way when a car, out of control, ran into the driver's side of her car. Her car flew into the ditch, flipped over and Mercedes died instantly.

The driver of the other car, Robert K. Goldwin, was under the influence of alcohol when he lost control of his car.

The funeral will be held tomorrow at Friederich's Memorial at noon. The family wishes that all friends and family attend.

[EPILOGUE]

Life is never what you think it is. People who seem to always have everything going great, aren't always that way. Mercede's dreams were all coming true, and it was finally her moment to shine in the spotlight. Then some guy, who didn't have everything going great in his life, had to come along and ruin Mercede's. To me, that doesn't seem quite fair, but then again, no one ever said that life was fair.

JUST REMEMBER -

Life is not always what it seems to be. Looks can be deceiving.

by Mandy Howard

Halloween is . . .

Happy Times

Apples

Long Nights

Loud

October Moon

Weird make up

Eggs, hard boiled

Everybody walks, all over town

New candy

by Tim Wiese

The Murder Next Door

I was in my bed that night when I heard the scream. I sat up in my bed suddenly. I started to shake, but when I tried to yell nothing came out of my mouth. I looked out my window and saw a man running from Miss Murdel's house. I didn't know what was going on.

I must have fallen asleep watching for the man to come back because I had a window pane mark across my face.

I walked downstairs which was where my parents were talking.

When I asked them what they were talking about, my dad said, "Miss Murdel was killed last night."

I didn't know what to say. It must have been her scream that woke me up last night and it must have been her murderer that was running from her house.

* *

I was kind of scared all day at school that the murderer had seen me and he would come after me next. Even in Science I couldn't remember most of the answers to the test that I had studied hard for a couple of nights before.

* *

On the way home from school, I noticed there were police cars in front of our house. I started to run home. When I got home, I was so out of breath I couldn't even talk. There were policemen talking to my parents.

"Hello there, my name is Bob, can I ask you a couple questions?" asked a tall man. I looked at my parents to see if it would be okay. My mother nodded, and I sat down at the kitchen table.

Bob asked, "Did you happen to see or hear anything on the night of Miss Murdel's death?"

"Well . . .well . . . I sorta heard a scream that woke me up. At first I just thought it was my cat, then I heard it again. It was coming from Miss Murdel's house. I stood up and went over to the window. I saw a man running from the house. I didn't know if he would come back so I stood by the window, but I fell asleep so I didn't find out if he came back."

"Sarge, I think this one has the information we have been looking for, Ma'am can we take your daughter to the Police Station?"

"Well, if she can help I guess that would be okay."

* *

cont. -

I got to ride in the patrol car to the police station. I had never been in a patrol car before; it was weird.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

When we got to the police station, there was a whole bunch of people running around carrying papers. Bob took me to a room that had a big dark window and a stage on the floor. He said, "This is where the criminals will be standing. We want you to tell us if one of the people up there is the person you saw running from Miss Murdel's house." Then he took me into a different room were I could see the room I was just in.

People started coming in and walking up onto the stage.

Bob asked, "So, any of these people look like the man you saw running from the house?"

"No, not really."

They dismissed the people and another group came out. This went on for about two hours. Then I saw him. He had this look about him that I couldn't pick out, but I knew it was him because he gave me the chills.

"That's him. That's the man that came running from Miss Murdel's house."

"Which one?"

"The third one on the right."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm positive."

"Get me the files for that man up there."

"Here you go, Bob."

Bob said with a weird smile on his face, "I think we have our man all right. It says here that this man's name is Elvis Murdel - put in jail for attempted murder of family members."

"He must have been Miss Murdel's brother."

"It also says that he escaped from jail on the night of July 12, 1991."

"That was the night of Miss Murdel's death."

"We will probably take him to court. Will you testify against him in court?"

"I would have to ask my parents."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

They took Elvis to court, and I testified. I helped convict him, and he got the electric chair.

Every night I make sure the windows in my room are locked because there have been reported sightings of a ghost in Miss Murdel's house.

by Nicole Cronkleton

The Pain of the Roses

Tori's tears blurred her eyesight as she looked at the page of today's newspaper -

BOY KILLED IN TRAGIC ACCIDENT

> Last night 18 year old Dominic Cabot was hit by an intoxicated driver. He was taken to Wilson Hospital, paralyzed from the neck down. He died after surgery around 2:30 a.m. Lars Brokaw is also recovering at Wilson Hospital and charges are being pressed against him since he was driving under the influence of alcohol. Funeral services will be held on Monday morning, 10:30 a.m. - Los Angeles, California; Susan Jenkins

Tori laid down the newspaper and ran a hand through her jet black hair. Helplessly she buried her head in her arms on the table. She tried to keep her shocked emotions under control when she thought of Dominic as she remembered . . .

"Dominic!"

"Hello," he said walking through the door.

Tori ran up to hug him. He gave her a dingle red rose.

"Red means love," he said adoringly as Tori gazed in his brown eyes.

Tori raised her head and tried to will the memory to leave. Dominic was so sweet. She thought, "How can he just leave me?" her blue eyes filled with unshed tears, "How can this world be so unfair?"

"Good morning," her father said and sat down at the breakfast table.

Tori looked at her father and seeing the compassion and gentle understanding in his eyes was too much.

An anguished sob came from her throat as she ran from the table. She sprinted to her room and flung herself on the bed. Helpless sobs shook her frail frame. She pounded on the bed, and to the walls cried out her agony.

"It's all my fault! If he hadn't come to see me last night, he wouldn't have been hit by the car." Tori sat up in bed, "He left me here. He just went and died on me. That selfish pig! He gave up on life cause he didn't want the pain."

Tori thought a moment. In fact that's exactly what he said last night. She thought back to late last night.

Ringgg!

Tori turned over and stuck her head under her pillow. A knock sounded at her door. It opened and a beam of life hit her sleepy face.

cont. -

"Honey there is a phone call for you. I think it's important."

Tori groaned and got out of bed. As she stumbled out of bed, she sleepily walked past her mother and to the phone on the hallway table.

"Hello," she said as she placed the receiver to her ear.

"Oh, Tori?" said a miserable voice on the other end.

"Mrs. Cabot?" Tori replied confused.

"Yes, Dominic was going to come see you at Los Angeles tonight, and he got in a car accident, Tori."

Tori stiffened and asked, "Is he okay?" she asked with concern in her voice.

"He wants to talk to you."

"Okay, put him on." she answered in a small voice.

"Tori?" came a weak voice on the other end.

"Dominic, are you okay?"

"Listen to me," he said seriously and then continued. "I had surgery, but it didn't help. I'm paralyzed from the neck down."

"Oh, God," Tori breathed, her blue eyes filled with horror.

"I can't go through with life. I love you so much I can't put you through the pain."

"Dominic -"

"No! Listen! We wanted to get married and have kids. We can't do that anymore. You deserve so much more."

"Dom, I love you. Don't leave me," Tori sobbed into the phone.

"Love you so much," came the defeated whisper.

"Dom -"

"Beeeeppppp!"

Tori sat in horror as she listened to the hospital monitor beep as Dom's heart stopped beating.

"I'm sorry. He's gone," she heard the doctor say.

"Noooooo!"

Tori got off the bed and started pacing. She spotted the rose. It was on her dresser. She walked over, looked at it, then angrily flung it out of the window and walked out of the room.

Monday morning was bright and sunny and totally inappropriate for a funeral. Tori looked outside the window in the church.

"Tori?"

She turned around to see Dominic's parents.

"Hello."

"Could you please stay after the service?"

"Yes, why?"

cont. -

"Before Dom died he made out his will and you are in it." she answered to her quizzical expression.

"Really?" Tori said, surprised.

They both nodded.

"Let's go downstairs," Mr. Cabot suggested. She walked downstairs, spied the coffin and slowly walked towards it. Dom was in a blue suit. His hair was arranged neatly and the familiar brown eyes closed.

"He is so cute," Tori thought, "even in death."

A single tear slid down her cheek. "How am I going to live without you? Didn't you understand that before you gave up? Please come back to me. I need you." she begged silently.

Dom lay still there, peacefully. Hurt, angry, and rejected, Tori strode away from the coffin refusing to look back.

Tori sat through the funeral service, although she didn't hear it. "I feel so numb inside, like it was me that died. I think a part of me did."

After the burial, Tori was ushered into a conference room, and she sat as the statements were read concerning Dominic's will.

I, Dominic Cabot, of sound mind do declare that this is the reading of my will. Victoria Summers is to receive my class ring and a rose bush every 2 years. The rest of my estate goes to my parents. Please do not mourn me I love you all.

Tori's throat closed up. Her heart was in her throat. The attorney stretched the rose bush across the table to her. Tori looked at the memorable flower in his hands and turned away.

Instead her father took the flowers when she made no attempt. The rest of the people who attended the funeral were gone.

Tori looked helplessly from the flowers to her mother, willing her to understand. Her mother opened her arms and Tori ran into them.

The comforting arms enclosed Tori as her mother whispered, "It's okay, Victoria. You need time. Let's go home."

Tori stood in her room three months later, cleaning out the drawers in her dresser.

"The July heat is unbearable," she muttered.

One of the drawers stuck as she tried to pull it out. She applied more pressure and finally yanked it.

It flew out of the slot and papers and other things were thrown all over the room. Tori sighed and started to pick them up. She spied an envelope over by the window.

She walked over to it and scooped it up. 'Victoria Summers' was written on it.

Curiously, Tori opened the envelope and looked at the date, May 29.

cont. -

May 29. That's the date of Dominic's funeral. Tori shoved the letter into the envelope without reading it.

Her gaze wandered out the window to the rose bush, in the center of the yard. I'm never going near that thing. Mom insisted taking care of it. "That's fine, I'm sure Dominic gave me that just to give me pain. It's not working."

Resentment surged throughout Tori's slender body. She sprinted down the stairs to the kitchen, grabbed a large butcher knife and strode out the side door to the center of the yard.

She raised the knife and in rage, fury and resentment slashed downward into the helpless rosebush.

The pain came back and stabbed at her heart as she stabbed at the plant. Tears rolled down her flushed cheeks.

She stopped the slashing and shredding of the plant and dropped the knife as she crumpled to the ground among the cut-up petals, branches and thorns for the once proud, and beautiful plant.

She noticed the envelope smashed in her hand and dazed, opened it and read:

Dear Tori,

I know you will never understand why I decided to do this and not fight.

Remember how we always talked about getting married and having kids. I would never be able to give you kids.

I couldn't move from the neck down. Tell me how I am supposed to support you. The money you make would end up going to medical bills.

You would always have to take car of me. Eventually, Tori, you and I would become bitter with the world, and with each other.

You deserve kids, a husband you love, a family, a home, to be pampered, things I can't give you, things you deserve.

If I was alive, yu might not get those things. Tori, baby, I love you. I would rather take that love to our graves than possibly lose it in bitterness.

I gave you the plant to realize love is natural and I want you to marry someone who has as much love for you as I do, but not for you to forget me. I am always in your heart.

Love,
Dominic

Tori laid down the letter and looked at the dead roses.

"If only I knew," she sobbed out between the tears.

Grimly she wiped her face and stood up, she walked into the house and strolled to the phone and phone book.

She thumbed through the Yellow Pages and placed the receiver to her ear.

"Hello, Flower Boutique? My name is Victoria Summers and I would like to order a rose bush . . .

by Jackie Jutting

DREAM CAR

"VAROOOOOOM" Awesome dude there goes a '69 Camaro SS; black with candy apple blue flames, 4 speed, with 12 bolt position, radials and it's jacked up 4 feet high. It also has a blown engine, with duel exhaust, wheelie bars and slicks. [I'm 16 now and I'm looking for a nice car.] Oh my God, I can't believe that the Camaro has a 'For Sale' sign on it and the numnber for information on the car is 1-900-HOT-ROD! My Dad said I could get any car I wanted [in the $11,000 range]

I ran to the phone booth and called the number. Darn! The line is busy. I'll have to call later and hope nobody got the car. I booked home on my bike. When I got home I turned on the T.V. and started watching the SIMPSONS then I remembered to call for the car. I almost fainted when I saw the shining keys to my dream car. I raced home on an empty intersection doing 115 m.p.h., my front end was off the ground. Then all of a sudden a cop pulled me over because I forgot to put the license plate on, and I was over the speed limit just a tad.

He asked me for my driver's license, and I said "O.K., sir."

Then all of a sudden a cop pulled me over because I forgot to put the license plate on, and I was over the speed limit just a tad.

He asked me for my driver's license, and I said, "OK sir."

Then he said, "Nice car."

And I said, "Thanks," and then he gave me a warning.

Now that I'm sixteen, I have decided to move from this boring Scott County. I'm going to enjoy life for once. So I decided to move to California. Moving to California will be pretty fun.

[two weeks later] . . .

After driving for four hours I noticed that a large Chevy semi was right on my tail. I accelerated to 78 MPH, then he speeded up so I went to 95 MPH, and so did he. By then I had had enough. I put the pedal to the medal. I was going 192 MPH then, the truck was gone. My front was so high I'm lucky my wheelie bars didn't snap in half. Then all of a sudden a car came flying at me. I immediately slammed on the brakes and turned left. I rolled seven times. Everything went black. When I woke up I was hoping this was all a nightmare. But it wasn't. My dream car was wasted. I couldn't believe it. Then my alarm clock went off and I was in bed.

by Chris Dundy

A
Boy's
Cat and
Dog
Eat
Food and
Got
Huge.
I
Just
Kicked my
Lama's
Mom's
Neck.
Oh
Pooh,
Quit
Ryan,
Sue is
Trying to
Use me in
Voodo.
We're
Xperimenting on
You,
Zack.

by John Bridges

"Ode to Nolan"

This poem is about Nolan Ryan,
He's forty five, I'm not lyin.
Nolan is a Texas Ranger,
And to the Major Leagues he's no stranger.
Nolan can really throw smoke,
and that is definitely no joke.
He threw his seventh no hitter last season.
And he remains a hero for that reason.
He has thrown many a great games,
That's why he will be in the Hall of Fame.
If he doesn't go down in history,
It will definitely remain a mystery.
Jordan, Gretzky, Montana and Mullin,
But my hero is of course Nolan.

by Jed Schneckloth

PATRIOT

The patriot is a noble man
he says his country is the best
is he right or is he wrong?
you decide
he says his country is undefeatable
is it?
Ahha! but when his country sends him to war
he runs and hides for his life
Do you think he's being patriotic now?
I don't think so!

by Patrick Lee

The Unforgettable Game

Saturday morning came and at seven o'clock I sprang out of bed to practice for the great softball tournament with my team in Eldridge. We did our best to shake off the dreadful morning heat. We wondered how we could ever get through three games in the 110° temperature plus the humidity. We were so excited about the number of games we were going to play. Three teams stood in our way on the road to victory, McCausland, Donahue, and Long Grove II. We got a great start, winning to McCausland by the 4th inning. Then we played Donahue (the number 1 team in the league). We won by the 15 run rule at the end of the game.

We thought a miracle had hit us or something, but it didn't. In the middle of our final game against Long Grove II for first place, everybody on my team started passing out because of the heat. One of the parents called 911 to get an ambulance. Four people were out of the game, one outfielder, 1st baseman, and 2 pitchers. Down by 8 points everyone on my team looked pale. We decided to forfeit and give first place to the other Long Grove team while we settled for second.

Nobody celebrated their wins because we had people in the hospital and around the field getting treated. It was a fun experience while it lasted.

With the day behind us my coach wrote an editorial to the newspaper. He said players shouldn't play in 110° temperatures and have to play 3 games.

But, after it was all over, I thought that the tournament was the greatest softball game of my life, except for the last one game.

My Long Grove I team included: Amy Johnson, Jeni Schneckloth, Mandy Quilty, Erin Hinz, Tracy Henningson, Melissa Whisler, Megan McDonald, Emily Hudson, Cheri Rouse, Randi Paulsen, Jaci Peters, & Holly Regan.

by Erin Hinz

The Big Game

It was the last game of the Little League regular season, it would decide which team would go to the Little League World Series! It was Sacramento, California vs. Davenport, Iowa. Sacramento had the field and Davenport was at bat.

The first two went down in order, but then the third drilled a double off an outside pitch. The pitcher worked on the cleanup, all of a sudden steal!!! The catcher was already firing the ball down to third! It was late by a step,"safe!!" yelled the umpire. It was then 3 and 2 on the clean up. The pitcher miscalculated and threw a high fastball. The hitter slashed it into right field (as a result of a late swing). He got to first base because the ball fell short of the right fielder. The man on third trotted home, Score!!! The crowd went wild!

After an eternity, with only a few occasional base hits, in the 4th, the Sacramento lead hitter blasted one over the left field fence, and the game was tied at 1 - 1.

The Davenport relief pitcher took the mound and retired the next two batters.

It was still 1 - 1, going into the 5th. It was Davenport at bat leading off as the bottom of the order. As the first batter dug in, the Sacramento pitcher shifted his field. He wound up, delivered, strike . . . ball . . . strike . . .ball . . .ball, it was 3 & 2. He delivered again . . . it's going . . .going . . . gone! Another run for Davenport!

Two more sides dragged by with nothing happening. And then with two out and the bases loaded, Sacramento had a chance to win it with this clean up hitter. It was 3 and 2, the pressure was on, he looks, he goes into his wind up, he delivers, it's a fastball . . . crack! It's a high floater . . . it looks like it's going over the fence . . .the outfielder is back, back, and he snags it on the way over! Unbelievable! Davenport wins it! They're going to the Little League World Series!

by Greg Newman

Lonely Rivers

Lonely rivers flow,
Right by the world,
Nowhere else to go,
Not a sound to be heard.

Lonely rivers flow,
Through mountain, spring, and dale,
Through winds that blow,
Through a sky of hail.

Lonely rivers flow,
They pass us by.
Not a worry do they know,
Not a question of why.

Lonely rivers flow,
Beauty renowned,
Gifts bestowed,
Running down.

by Erin Link

My Place, Everyone's Place

Sometimes I feel like a bird in a cage, unable to escape, wanting something but not receiving it.

But there is a place I can go to get away from the world and get a grip on reality. A place that's quiet, except for a few little fish splashing in the golden sunlight.

Even on the hottest days I go there because it's just so free and wonderful. After putting up with brothers and sisters, and the terrifying stuggles of everyday life, I love to just walk. Walk to the river.

Here I am alone. I am one. No one to tell me what to do. I am as free as the birds flying over me. Here my sorrow or anger drifts off into the blue sky or the deepened waters.

Thoughts drift. Conclusions are drawn in my mind. Answers are answered. Prayers are made. Here I can sit. Sit and listen to the little things in life like birds, fish splashing in the water, or I can listen to big things like me here. I'm all that matters.

I left home confused with a fishing pole, worms, and a bucket. But I left with a clear mind, and twelve fish.

Doesn't everybody wish they had a place like that?

Maybe it's in our minds.

by Amy Kuehl

The Wolf's Hunt

The wolf
searches
in the night.
Staring everywhere
for a bite.
He listens with
his keen ear. In
hopes of finding a
tasty deer. He searches
sometime for a deer. But with his bright
eyes he sees a steer. He starts his mighty
stalk. Walking two paces
then stopping to listen
to a hungry halk. He
steps again crouching
behind a log. Where
he hears the croaking
of a frog. He bounds
over the log. Increasing
his speed to a jog.
He gets within thirty
feet of the steer. The
steer twists and runs
like a frantic deer.
He jumps, biting and
clawing at the steer.
With a swipe of his paw,
off went the steer's ear.
He sinks his teeth in the
steer's throat. They fall
to the ground tangled
together like a rope. He
holds the steer as it struggles for
life. Throwing everything to his last
strife. He staggers
around the corpse
of the steer
with glee.
Knowing
now
he
can
feed
his
pack
and
family.

by Jason Weibel

A Viet Nam Vet
Old dreams never met
Drafted at the age of eighteen
Then clothed in green
The fight of the war
grew and more
A wife a soldier
wanted him to hold her
while halfway across the earth
Dies giving birth
Everyone wanted place + love
and prays to God above
keeping friends and family in heart + mind
made lovers to problems easier to find
Now the war has ended
with some dreams hearts have mended
And some lives changed forever
some lives never
Relatives + friends of soldiers who die
are among those who cry
relatives of soldiers who live
Shall have a bit of love to give

by Marcia DeCock

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